No. 329 (New Series), Vol. 7. July 9, 1938

The PASSING SHOW

TWOPENCE

NEW GLENCANNON STORY
by Guy Gilpatric

SUPERB 10/6

An illustration of this splendid Monoplane

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C.W.A. SCOTT

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ACT TO-DAY. Seize this opportunity now, while it's before you. Don't be too late. Remember, there are only a few thousand Model Monoplanes available—the demand will be tremendous. It's first come—first served. Make sure of your "Hurricane" M.W.3 Model Monoplane by completing and posting the Forms on right NOW!

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Model 'M.W.3' MONOPLANE

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This form reserves a Model "M.W.3" Monoplane in your name.

I apply, in accordance with your offer, for a Hurricane "M.W.3" Model Monoplane. Please reserve a Model Monoplane in my name, and send me my Official Privilege Voucher which entitles me to obtain it at the Special Privilege price.

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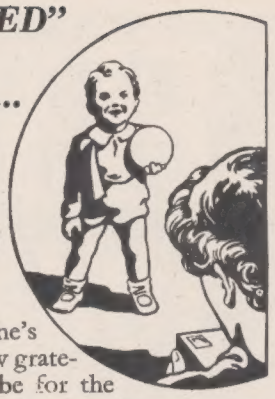

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R.A.587

The PASSING SHOW
No. 329. Vol. 7. JULY 9, 1938

He distinguished Hogan and Claude. "Come!" he shouted, leading them over into the comparative quiet of the starboard bunker, "I've guid news for ye! Yere arteestic careers are noo assured!"

SIGN OF THE BRASS KNUCKLE

A glass-eater and a knife-swallower help in the dramatic sequence of events that lead Mr. Glencannon of the steamer "Inchcliffe Castle" from a simple wholesome supper—24 drinks and a plate of soup—in Marseille to the damp caverns of a London hoosegow

BY GUY GILPATRIC

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD OSMOND

THREE thousand years ago, a squadron of Phœnician ships put out from Asia Minor and sailed westerly for many weeks. Entering a region of strange, wild winds and leaping, muddy waters, the navigators judged the ultimate edge of the world to be not far beyond and prudently took shelter in a cove. Their rigging was gale-frayed and rotten; so, gathering certain fibrous plants which grew on the hillsides round about, they cleared a rope-walk through the pines, built huts along both sides of it and settled down to the tedious job of twisting new cordage. They called their camp Massalia. To-day it is called Marseille. The rope-walk is the Rue Canebiere.

Teeming thoroughfare of the greatest seaport on the ancient Mediterranean trade route, the Rue Canebiere is a peacock alley, a blazing pageant, of half humanity's races. The native Marseillais, born boasters and proud boosters all, swear that you have only to sit long enough on a Canebiere café terrace to see every person you have ever known stroll past you on parade. This pleasant local legend has been dished up in hundreds of guide books, retold by thousands of tourists and re-written by countless authors of that perennially-popular tale about the young man who deserted from the French Foreign Legion until, what with the efforts of them all, gossips' civic fable has come to be accepted as sober, gospel fact.

Mr. Colin Glencannon, chief engineer of the British tramp ship *Inchcliffe Castle*, had repaired ashore, accepting it wholly and expecting to meet large numbers of convivial friends. But the longer he sat outside the Café Marius and the more of the Café Marius's *pastis* he got outside of, the more sceptical he became. "Ah, foosh and foosh again!" he growled, peering blearily across the stack of saucers which marked his rather considerable score. "Neegers, Chinks, Arabs, Chinks, Neegers—all the mongrel riff-roff o' the Red Sea, the Indian Ocean, the Gulf o' Oman and Newark Bay—but ne'er the familiar face o' a white mon in the lot! Weel, I suspected from the ootset that this street was a swundle and noo I dom weel know it!" He ordered another *pastis* (high-velocity synthetic absinthe, by-product of the great poison gas and ammunition factories around the Etang de Berre) and gloomily consulted his watch. "Eight o'clock! A-weel, as lang as I canna find a friend in all the dreary town, I'll choke doon a few more sowps o' this liquid French pastry and tak' a bite to eat. Then I'll go aboard the ship and while away the evening playing solitaire with a bottle o' Duggan's Dew. Aloss, alock, and whurra, whurra! There's no pang which gnaws a mon lik' loneliness!"

He sat back and resumed his search of the passing faces. From time to time beggars, catching his eye, approached near enough to be kicked on the shins, and were. Once a furtive gentleman oozed up to the table, whispered something in his ear and slipped him a pink and perfumed card reading, "The Jollity Nigcht Club. 14 Lady Hostesses 14. Anglish Spoking." Mr. Glencannon rose, knocked out three of the furtive one's front teeth and settled disconsolately into his chair again. He observed with chagrin that for some reason, people were vacating the nearby tables and moving farther back on the terrace. This made him feel lonelier than ever.

"Ah, noo, my worthy friends!" He turned and harangued them reproachfully. "I'm only a visiting stranger in sairch o' someone to talk to, yet ye shun me lik' a leopard bruck oot with the spots! Tsk, tsk, tsk! I think ye're vurra unkind, vurra unpolite! But upon reflection, I'd rather talk to mysel' than to a pack o' fulthy swine and noo, just to show ye, I will!"

Limbering his vocal cords with another *pastis*, he launched into a dramatic word-picture, complete with sound effects, of the Arygyll and Dumbarton Highlanders fighting their memorable action at Festubert, in 1915. He mimicked the shrill skirl of the pipes, the deafening bursts of the shells and the horrid screams of the wounded as the red field was won. Then, weeping copiously, he intoned the full Presbyterian burial service, fired a volley and trumpeted the Last Post over the graves of the glorious dead. Finally, standing stiffly, but slightly slantwise at salute, he raised his voice in "God Save the King."

He was doing nobly with it when he descried in the fringe of the gathering crowd two rough-looking individuals who were likewise saluting. He bit off the anthem in the middle of an ear-

(*please turn over*)

"Claude, I'll thank ye please to attend to this," said Mr. Glencannon, and then, when Claude had done so, "There! Noo lets just drag him into the vestibule so's he willna clutter up the sidewalk"

piercing note, seized a water carafe by the neck and viewed the interlopers askance. One of them, a veritable giant, was so inky black, so thick of lip, so flat of nose and kinky of hair that Mr. Glencannon shrewdly suspected him of owning negro blood. His companion was approximately white but he so closely resembled a baboon that there could be no doubt about his being a Liverpool Irishman. Mr. Glencannon had spent the greater part of his life in tramp ships' engine rooms; he knew a fireman when he saw one and now he saw two.

"See here, ye dom scum!" he addressed them in his best professional manner. "Are ye mocking me, or what?"

"Mocking ye? Indeed, and that we're not, sorrh!" protested the simian one. "Me and this nayger are patriotic British subjicks, the same as yerself. Sure and we are, ain't we, Claude?"

"Rawther!" said the Negro, loftily.

Mr. Glencannon, now seeing four of them, realised that here, at last, was an opportunity to vent his pent-up ire. "Aye!" he bawled, "I know ye're British and what's more, I know yere skulking breed!" He dashed his cap to the sidewalk and stamped upon it. "Foosh! They told me I'd meet my friends and fellow kirk-members on this sorra street! Instead, I encounter nowt but a gang o' smutty ashcats that have joomped their ship, lost their papers, and noo disgrace their kung and kong, er, king and country by carousing, droonk and disorderly, on the public causeways o' a great furreign city!"

"Oh, bless ye, Chief!" Instinctively the Irishman addressed Mr. Glencannon by his proper title. "Ye're roight about our having no papers, else whoy would me and Claude have signed aboard that stinking Greek? Torpetered nine miles off Martigues, we was, and us with a cargo of munitions for Alicante, Spain. But in the fortnight since, we ain't even been eating decent meals, much less getting drunk, sorrh! Ain't that hivven's own truth, Claude?"

"Rawther!" agreed the gentleman of colour.

At this unexpected tale of distress, Mr. Glencannon was moved to sympathy. "Oh, weel, that's different!" he said. "If ye've no' had a drink for a fortnicht, ye'll o' coorse be ravenously theersty. Er——" He took his foot out of his cap, took the shoe off his foot, polished his sock with the cap, scaled the cap across the avenue and set the shoe on his head. "Er—d'ye know what I'm going to do for ye noo, my puir lads? Why, I'm just going to advise ye to move alang aboot yere business, because stonding here watching me drink will only be an aggravising tantalisation, or words to that effick—ick—ECK!" The shoe slid off and clattered upon the table. Retrieving it, he cocked it rakishly over his ear as though it were a Glengarry, and tied the laces under his chin.

"Bit o' a breeze, tonicht!" he observed. "Weel, guid luck to ye, lads!"

"But now, please, sorrh!" persisted the Irishman. "We're in desperate bad straits, me and Claude, and I wonder if ye wouldn't be a proper sportsman and stump up a franc or two when we've shown ye our tricks?"

"Tricks?" repeated Mr. Glencannon. "What tricks? D'ye mean ye're prestidigitators, moontebanks or summat such?"

"Oh, no, sorrh!" said the other. "We eat fire, nails, swords—in fact," he grimaced, "that's dom near all we've had to eat for a week! But look, chief," he produced an electric light bulb from his pocket and a 10-inch knife from somewhere under his coat. "Is it worth five francs o' yer money to see Claude eat this bulb and me swally this knife?"

"Haw!" and Mr. Glencannon pushed back his shoe in amazement. "Surely ye're jesting! Why, guid losh, m'lad, if the neeger actually eats yon boolb and if ye really swallow that knife, I'll no' only give ye five froncs, I'll give ye six!—Aye, seeven, even!"

"Done!" said the Irishman, eagerly. "Here, show him, Claude!"

The negro wrapped the bulb in his handkerchief and smashed it against the edge of the table. Then, crooking his finger in the genteel manner of an old maid eating comfits, he picked up the fragments one by one, placed them on his tongue, and calmly crunched and swallowed them. Meanwhile, his companion tilted back his head, opened his mouth and slowly slid the knife down his gullet until only the wooden handle protruded. Letting go of it, he spread his arms and rolled his eyes triumphantly at Mr. Glencannon.

The engineer toyed with his drink, yawned, and then fell to thumbing a charge of tobacco into his pipe. "Weel, come, come, lads—let's see ye do yere tricks!" he invited. "What's all the delay?"

"Argh?" Indignantly, the Irishman unsheathed the knife from his esophagus while the negro splutteringly ejected a loop of filament which had lassoed his palate. "—Eh? Wh-what was that ye said?"

Mr. Glencannon scratched a match on the sole of his sock and lighted his pipe before replying. "Noo, noo, my fine fellows!" and in his eye was a canny glint, "dinna ye try to impose on me! Ye boasted ye'd swallow that knife. Weel, if ye've swallowed it, why is it noo in yere hond? And ye claimed that this blackamoor cud eat an electric licht boolb—but the entire bross part o' it still lies richt there in his hondkerchief!"

"But—but—holy saints, Chief! What d'ye expect for yer money?"

"I expect ye to swallow the knife and the neeger to eat the boolb, with no hondles, bross, or other parts left ower! Guid losh, mon, a contract is a contract!"

"—Oh, so ye mean yer won't pay us?" The Irishman's knuckles whitened as he gripped his knife and his baboon-like face was not good to see. Neither was that of his towering, black companion.

Mr. Glencannon made sure that the water carafe was within convenient grabbing distance. "Noo dinna bluster, dinna threaten, ye oogly brutes!" he warned. "Ye've caused a crowd to collect and feerst thing ye know there'll be a policemon. I foncy I don't have to infoorm ye that getting arrested in Fronce withoot papers or passports is a vurra serious business and. . . ."

"*Circulez! Debarrassez!*" A policeman came shouldering into the crowd.

The Irishman's knife vanished within his sleeve, and for an instant his fist vibrated beneath Mr. Glencannon's nose. "Mister, I'll git ye for this, or me name's not Hogan!" he rasped. Then he and the negro slunk away in the strolling throng on the Rue Canebiere.

"Braugh!" shuddered Mr. Glencannon. "They're dom near as uncouth as the pair o' scuts that desairted from my ain stoke-hold yesterday! Ah, dearie me! I didna come ashore to-nicht to mingle with thugs and gallows-birds!"

He ordered a double portion of *bouillabaisse* with lobster and a *pastis* to whet his appetite pending its preparation. He was discussing this drink when he became aware that a newcomer had seated himself at the next table. Idly turning to consider him, Mr. Glencannon saw that he was a florid person with a well-developed paunch, a neck some three sizes larger than his head, ears like crullers and a face which bore marks of collision with rapidly-moving objects, such as fists in six-ounce gloves. All in all, he looked like an ex-pugilist turned publican.

"Swith!" murmured the engineer. "If I hadna lost all hope o' e'er meeting a friend on this cheerless street, I'd swear yon loompy specimen was guid auld Horace 'Dumbell' Dillon. But o' course, richt the noo, auld Dumbell is stonding behind his bar in The Physical Culture Café, in Bexhill Street, London—and by this time next week, I'll be stonding there in front o' it!" As he thought of The Physical Culture and the many pleasant hours he

had whiled away therein, a wave of nostalgia surged over him. It was a rendezvous of good fellows, a cosy little spot with fresh sawdust on the floor to hide the blood stains and for many years it had been Mr. Glencannon's headquarters whenever the S.S. *Inchcliffe Castle's* affairs brought him to the port of London. "Aye," he mused, "one always meets one's friends and cronies; time ne'er hangs heavy, in auld Dumbell's Physical Culture! I canna reemember a single evening without bottles thrown, heads cracked and the whole thing ending up in a guid auld slugging, kicking, stomping, gouging riot! No wonder the place is prosperous! Weel, as I say, I'll soon be back there—and after the favour I did for auld Dumbell last time, I know he'll weelcome me as though I owned it!" Smiling reminiscently, he thought of the morning, many months before, when he had chanced to encounter Mr. Dillon in the corridor of the Wapping Stairs Police Court; he, himself, had just been discharged with a reprimand, but Mr. Dillon, who was manacled between two policemen, explained that unless he could scare up £25 bail, at once, he would be locked in the ruddy stir. The charge—he sniffed deprecatingly—was mayhem, a trivial thing; but the magistrate had taken a narrow view and, well—could Mr. Glencannon oblige a friend with £25? Mr. Glencannon, whose faith in the probity of publicans was unbounded, produced the money on the spot; then, because the *Inchcliffe Castle* was sailing at noon for the Orient, he hurried off, the other's protestations of gratitude ringing in his ears.

"O' course," he mused, "it's been seeven months I've been away, so I suppose I canna decently ask him to pay me less than foorty per cent. interest per month for the accommodation. Foorty per cent. o' twenty-five mak's ten, seeven times ten mak's seeventy, plus the original twunty-five, brings it up to ninety-five poonds. Weel, just to mak' it easier for him to feegure, let's put it in roond numbers and call it an even hoondred."

Suddenly conscious of being stared at, he turned toward the lumpy one. The fellow's face was wreathed in an incredulous smile. "Colin!" he gasped, joyfully, springing to his feet as at the clang of the bell. "May 'Eaven strike me stiff if it ain't old Colin Glencannon!"

"Aye, himself and none other!" beamed the engineer. "Weel, weel, weel, Dumbell, so it really is you? Sit ye doon, mon, sit ye doon! *Psst! Psst! Garsong! Deux plus pastries, silver plate,* and . . . oh, I say, Dumbell have ye had yere supper yet? No? *Alors, then, Garsong! Bring encore un dooble bully base fer this Moonseer, savvy?*"

"Ah, Colin, it's a fair treat to set me eyes on yer!" sighed Mr. Dillon. "I've been fiddling up and down this 'ere road orl evening, 'oping against 'ope I'd see a familiar face from 'ome. But, I say—wot's that yer wearing on yer 'ead—a shoe?"

"A shoe? On my head? Oh, haw, haw, haw, how drole!" Mr. Glencannon reached over and poked him in the ribs. "Ye're in yere cups, Horace! Come, lad, try to control yersel'! Teel me how are ye enjoying yere holiday, here in the sunny South o' Fronce?"

Dumbell Dillon winced. "'Oliday?" he repeated, cynically. "This ain't no 'oliday fer me—it's an escape! Since I seen you last I—I got married, Colin. Married to the wrong woman!" He made a helpless gesture. "Ah, Colin, Colin, never marry out of yer class, like wot I done, old boy; and if ever yer do, may the merciful 'Eavens 'elp yer!"

Mr. Glencannon stirred uneasily. "But—Dumbell! D'ye mean to say ye married that barmaid ye had in The Physical Culture that looked lik' three Joan Crawfords?"

"No," Mr. Dillon moaned over his *pastis*. "The woman I married looks like four Katherine 'Epburns."

"Och, puir fellow!" murmured Mr. Glencannon. "Come!" and under the impression that the mussels in the *bouillabaisse* were lumps of coal, he fished them out and hurled them into the window of a passing tramcar. "Come, Dumbell, do ye scup up a gutfull o' this nice, steaming fish gurry and then ye can teel me all aboot it."

Mr. Dillon scupped manfully and with a right good will; in fact a casual observer would have said that he was hungry. "Well, it wasn't no time before she tried to change the 'ole character of the place," he explained. "Instead of leaving The Physical Culture a decent gempmen's pub—why, would yer believe it, Colin, she wanted the place to cater to—to women?"

"Oh, scondalous, scondalous!" breathed Mr. Glencannon. "Yere charming little dive was tough enough already, withoot having—hostesses! How did it all end, Horace?"

"It ended by me taking it on the lam, as our American cousins put it," said Mr. Dillon, simply. "I soon realised I couldn't stick it with 'er at any price. But I couldn't afford to 'ave 'er sue me fer desertion, so when it was time fer that there case to come up that you bailed me out on, I told 'er I'd surely get three years in chokey if I stayed fer trial. I jumped my bail, left 'er to run things as she pleases, and come down 'ere to start life anew."

"Ye—ye joomped yere bail?" demanded Mr. Glencannon, weak with apprehension but plunging desperately into action. "Weel, Horace, noo that ye speak o' it, yere little debt, plus interest and charges, comes to a hoondred quid. And as I know that under the hoppy caircumstances o' our meeting here, I canna possibly pairsuade ye to let me pay for my share o' this vurra deleecious dinner, I've had eighteen pastries besides a dooble ration o' stew."

Mr. Dillon scupped clear to the bottom of his plate, pushed it aside and sat back before replying. "Colin," he said, evenly, "I 'aven't got a centime to me name. Pay for my dinner and lend me two thousand francs to tide me over, there's a good chap!"

"Eh?" In that awful instant Mr. Glencannon felt that he was about to faint. "W-what's that?" he managed to croak. "D'ye mean to say that ye're—ye're broke? But what aboot The Physical Culture, mon?"

"Oh, that!" said Mr. Dillon, his lip curling with righteous scorn. "Why, the missus 'as changed the name of it, 'ired a dance h'orchestra and a troupe o' sing-song girls, and it's making money 'and over fist! But, well, I'll tell you wot, Colin; I ain't no saint and I never was, but money made out of night clubs, cabareets and all them sort of deadfalls, is dirty money and I don't want no part of it! Me, I'm starting life anew, like I told yer. Some day, I 'ope to pay orff me debts."

"Oh, ye do, do ye?" snarled Mr. Glencannon, half rising and banging on the table. "Weel, ye domned hypocrite, yere sweet and pretty sentiments aboot dirty money are all vurra sweet and pretty, but I want my hoondred poonds! I insist and demond that ye pay me! I want money, money, money—clean money or dirty money, it's all the same to me!"

Mr. Dillon considered him pityingly. "Well, Colin, if that's 'ow yer feel, nothing could be easier!" he shrugged. "If yer conscience will permit yer to accept dirty money, I'll cheerfully assign my full 'arf share of the place to yer. It's making more profits than it ever made before—it's worth five 'undred dirty pounds if it's worth a dirty farthing!"

"Eh?" Mr. Glencannon brushed the tongue of his shoe out of his eye and leaned forward intently. "Eh? Ye really mean ye'll . . .? But foosh, ye scut! I wasna' born yesterday, nor e'en the day before! There's something fishy aboot this! What cud I do with a nicht club, anyway?"

"Well, ye might go and sit in it, fer one thing," suggested Mr. Dillon, placidly. "But, of course, Colin, if yer think my proposition is fishy—well, it's all I've got to offer, so I'm afraid yer out that 'undred quid!"

Mr. Glencannon gulped so indignantly that his Adam's apple thudded against his breast bone. "Blost it, it seems to be a case o' Hubson's choice!" he fumed. "O' coorse, I fully realise that if there were no skulldoogery aboot this thing, a half-share in yere hurdy-gurdy should, as ye say, be worth a pretty penny. But fronkly, Horace, although I've ne'er heard more than a dozen people describe ye as a swundler, I canna recall e'er hearing a single soul go oot o' his way to call ye honest."

"Alright, look 'ere!" Mr. Dillon tore a piece off the menu and scribbled on it. "'Ere's a legal deed, with everything in black on white, which makes ye 'arf owner. But this is just to prove my good faith; this very night I'll write the missus to 'ave the lawyers draw up the formal papers. Now, then, 'ere—'ow does that suit yer?"

Mr. Glencannon scanned the document closely. It made things clear, no doubt about it. Already, in his mind's eye, he could see himself quitting the sea and settling down in comfort in London, as coproprietor of a good, rough-and-rowdy resort. "A-weel, it seems to be in order, I must say," he admitted, striving to conceal his jubilation. "I—I. . . ." His emotions got the better of him. "Here, Horace, auld pal!" he said, hoarsely, "—I pledge ye my grotitude in this final drink!"

"Well, chin-chin!" said Mr. Dillon, lifting his *pastis* politely. "And now, if ye'll just lend me the loan of them two thousand francs. . . ."

"Ah, but dom it, Horace, mon! It. . . ."

(*please turn over*)

Mr. Dillon sighed, retrieved the paper and prepared to tear it up.

"Stop! Stop! Here ye are!" Mr. Glencannon restrained him, counting out the money. "Guid heavens, lad, canna ye see I'm only being jocular?"

When Mr. Dillon had taken his leave, Mr. Glencannon sat for a moment watching his lumpy form disappearing down the now almost empty Canebiere. "Why, the puir gowk must be crazy to mak' me a present lik' this!" he chuckled. "But o' coorse, come to think o' it, I've often heard it said that he's been punch-droonk e'er since the historic one-round beating he took from Bombardier Wells." He folded the precious document away in his wallet. "Tis the turning point o' yere fortunes, Glencannon!" he gloated. "Here ye sat, cursing this gay thoroughfare, little dreaming that all the time it was yere pathway to riches! For noo ye're half-owner o' The Bross Knuckle Café, at 32 Bexhill Street, London, E.C., and from the name o' it, a braw disreeputable den it must be! Half-owner noo, yes—but it shud tak' ye no time at all to swundle Mussis Dillon oot o' her share o' it!" He raised his glass and found it empty. "Waiter! Where's that waiter? I'll see that the sairvice is better than this in my little place! *Garsong! Psst!*"

There was an answering "*Psst!*" from the sidewalk and an eager, rat-like gentleman appeared at his elbow. "Yess, Sir! Postcarts! Verree special! Verree artistique!" he hissed, opening a handful of photographs fanwise and sliding them under Mr. Glencannon's nose. As the engineer scowled at them, he could feel his gorge rise. "Ah, foosh and for shame!" he snorted. "Why, what do ye mean, ye lout, trying to sell me stuff lik' this?" The vendor endeavoured to shove the cards into Mr. Glencannon's pocket, and though the kick that landed on him was delivered by a stockinged foot, the sentiment behind it was devastating. He limped off around the corner, dripping curses.

"Strange!" murmured Mr. Glencannon, massaging his twinging toes. "The hat check girl must have snatched it off me when I wasna' looking! Weel, it's an excellent way to cheat the customers, at that, so I'll just mak' a note o' it for The Bross Knuckle. Ah, waiter, there ye are! Fetch me one more *pastry* and I'll call an end to this glorious evening!" He ran his eye up and down the stacks of saucers, each one representing a *pastis* at four francs. There were approximately twenty-five of them. The two double portions of *bouillabaisse* with lobster would come to a hundred francs additional. "Weel," he patted his wallet, "what do I care? I—I—Ach, horrors!" For the wallet wasn't there! He had been robbed! That postcard seller. . . !

His first thought was to flee, but then he realised that the strain of the evening had sadly affected his legs. Miserable, hopeless, he sat there on the deserted terrace, his forehead a-glisten with the cold sweat which trickled down from under his shoe. "Aloss, life is like a piston!" he soliloquised. "Ups, doons, ups, doons—but it's the doonstrokes that do the most damage! What though I am a café proprietor? The proof o' it was in my wallet and the wallet is gone! If Dumbell neglects to write to his wife, I'll be ruined, ruined! And what'er else happens, I'm in for a drubbing and a nicht in the clink when they ask me to settle my reckoning here!"

From somewhere in the distance, up a side street, came shouts and the thin shrill of police whistles. Simultaneously, the knife-swallower and the negro strolled around the corner, spotted Mr. Glencannon and moved with studied casualness toward his table. The engineer reached for the carafe, observing as he did so that the sinister companions were covertly panting for breath.

"The police is after us!" rasped Hogan. "We're going to sit at yer table fer a minute—and if ye so much as bat an eye, I'll do ye in!" They settled down—the Irishman, head in hands, studying the menu and the negro taking cover behind a newspaper which he snatched from the next table.

Two black-caped *agents* came pounding around the corner and halted uncertainly on the kerb. "That way, moonseers!" called Mr. Glencannon, pointing toward the Cours Belsunce; then, when they had vanished, "A-weel, my charming Hogan and my excellent Claude!" he said, with unwonted affability, "What little boyish pronk have ye two cut-throats been up to noo?"

The Irishman expelled a long breath. "Well," he confessed, "We—we was up there in an alley laying for you, don'tcher see, when this other bloke happened along. We bashed him over the head and stole his money. But oh, sorrh, I can't tell ye how grateful we are to ye, for. . . ."

Mr. Glencannon restrained him with an impatient gesture. "Dinna thonk me," he said, hollowly. "Anything I can do toward the confusion and deetriment o' this dom city, I'll do and do glodly!" He fell silent, glancing from one to the other of them and chewing the *pastis*-flavoured bristles of his walrus moustache. "Er," he cleared his throat, "I hope ye were able to feelch a really worth-while sum?"

"It's enough to get us out of here—if we only had our papers!" said the knife-swallower, wistfully.

"Weel," said Mr. Glencannon, "how wud ye lads lik' to go back aboord the ship with me noo and sail for London in the morning?"

"London?" There was a throb in Hogan's voice, "London, says you? How'd we like to sail fer London—in the morning? Ah, but come, chief—it's yerself that's mocking us now!"

Mr. Glencannon shook his head and smiled benignantly. "No' at all!" he declared. "We're shy a trimmer and a firemon in the stoke-hold, and as for yere papers, dinna worrit!"

"Ah, whoy bless yer soul, chief; I—I can't hardly believe it!"

"Weel, ye can consider it all settled," said Mr. Glencannon. "Let's have a drink on it!"

"Right ye are, chief! But, begging yer pardon, sorrh, the drink has got to be on us! Now that we've got money, we want to pay!"

Mr. Glencannon seemed about to protest, but then shrugged in genial condescension. "Oh, vurra weel!" he smiled, "have it yere ain way, lads! I'm the last mon in the world to domp the spirits o' a party. Ye can e'en pay my whole dom bill, if ye insist!"

"Well, we do insist!" said Hogan, grandly.

LADY OR GENTLEMAN?

When a gentleman oyster meets a lady oyster there'll be a romance for sure; but when the gentleman oyster turns into a lady oyster something happens in "THE UGLY MOLLUSC" by FRANK SULLIVAN.

NEXT WEEK

"Sure we insist—don't we, Claude?"

"Rawther!" said Claude, with enthusiasm.

If Mr. Glencannon intended to ditch his saviours en route to the ship, either the state of his health or the manner in which the previous pair stuck to him must have caused him to change his mind. Whatever the reason, all three of them arrived in poor order aboard the S.S. *Inchcliffe Castle* just before the dawn.

The stoke-hold, shorthanded, was busy making steam. Hogan and Claude were booted below by the junior engineers and given slice bars and shovels to sober up on. Mr. Glencannon, who, strangely enough, was now beginning to droop, retired to his room for a few hours repose.

During the ensuing days, as the *Inchcliffe Castle* crawled along the coast of Spain, through the Strait of Gibraltar and out into the Atlantic, the engineer was prey to a profound pre-occupation. It deepened as they neared the shores of home. "Aye," he mused, "for e'en if Dumbell really has fixed things legally, as he promised, what will Mussis Dillon's attitude be when I show up to tak' ower my share o' the place? From what he said o' her, it's plain she's an evil-tempered auld hellcat, no doot an alcoholic; and ladies o' that kidney are notoriously deeficult to hondle. My fine sense o' chivalry will prevent me cracking her ower the head, so pairhops I'd just better kick her doon the stairs. But—no doot she's got the place weel-guarded by thugs, bullies and chuckers-oot, and what will they do to me? Ho, dom, Glencannon—ye're faced with a vurra deelicate problem o' etiquette!"

He was still mulling it at supper that evening when Mr. Montgomery, who had been watching him eat, interrupted his train of thought.

"Lawks!" the Mate exclaimed, "yer orlmost as 'andy with that knife as that there Liverpool bucko yer brought aboard at Marseels! Why, 'im and the nigger are a pair of blinking wonders! This arfternoon, during the first dog watch, they was down there on No. 2 'atch putting on a show fer the other 'ands that fair beat anything I ever seen in a bleddy music 'all!"

"Ker-hem! Er—I mean to say, what was they doing?" inquired Captain Ball. "I hope it wasn't nothing vulgar and off colour, like them performing seals I saw at the King's Lane Theatre, last time we was in London. Why, would you believe it, gentlemen, six of the nasty brutes was cavorting around on the brightly-lit stage absolutely stark naked?"

"No, no, it wasn't nothing like that, sir!" Mr. Montgomery assured him. "First the Irishman shoved a knife down his maw. Then he pulled it out, took a swig o' petrol, struck a match on his teeth and—POOF!—'e belched flyme and smoke clear up the ruddy mast'ead, 'e did!"

"Humph!" grunted Captain Ball, "I hope it didn't damage the paint?"

"No, sir," said Mr. Montgomery. "But that wasn't orl! When it come the nigger's turn, if 'e didn't eat a busted helectric bulb, bite the 'andle off a teacup and swaller a 'eaping 'andful o' No. 3 linoleum tacks!"

"Well, ker-hem, a vessel at sea is no place for horseplay, Mister Mate, and you ought to've put a stop to it then and there. Now I 'spose I'll be getting letters from the office raising hell about the ship using too many stores."

"Well, to tell yer the truth, sir, I—I was clean swept off my feet by it orl! Them two chaps could work up an act that'd bring 'em ten quid a week, easy! Somebody ought to take 'em in 'and, that's wot I say!"

Without a word, Mr. Glencannon rose, left the saloon, hurried to the fiddly and descended the neck-breaking ladders into the clamorous sample-room of Hades that was the *Inchcliffe Castle's* stoke-hold. Among the lost souls there engaged in feeding the fire, he distinguished Hogan and Claude. "Come!" he shouted, leading them over into the comparative quiet of the starboard bunker, "I've guid news for ye! Yere arteestic careers are noo assured!"

"Artistic careers, sorrh?" repeated the Irishman, permitting the corner of his sweatrag to drop from between his teeth. "Whoy, I can't even draw a straight loin!"

"No, but ye've other talents!" said Mr. Glencannon. "Noo, look! In Marseels, I accepted an interest in a hurdy-gurdy in payment o' a bad debt. It has occurred to me that ye and Claude wud mak' a vurra attroctive attroction in the floor show. We'll arrange aboot the wages later, but to begin with, I'll let ye keep fifty per cent o' everything ye can steal from the customers. We dock sometime to-morrow afternoon, so if ye care to accept the proposition, I'll tak' ye aroond there with me and put ye to work to-morrow nicht. Is it a go?"

"Indeed and it is, sorrh!" said the Irishman, joyfully. "It's just the chance me and Claude have been hoping and praying for for months—eh, Claude?"

"Rawther!" said Claude.

"Weel, ye can consider yersel's engaged," said Mr. Glencannon. "But oh, by the way, lads—I've ne'er been to the place yet, mysel', but I have reason to believe it's no exockly refined; in fact, to put it fronkly, it's a vurra tough dump. What's more, my partner and mysel' probably willna see eye to eye aboot certain matters, so there may be a bit o' a fracas."

"Ah, lovely!" grinned the Irishman, spitting on his hands and doubling them into fists, while Claude picked up a lump of coal and munched it with gusto.

* * *

At a late hour the following evening, Mr. Glencannon and his bodyguard came ashore in the Limehouse Commercial Docks. Walking westward, parallel to the river, they arrived in one of those regions, now common in most great cities, where yesterday's howling slums are rapidly being converted into to-day's snootiest colonies of fashion. Bexhill Street had not yet achieved complete respectability and, for the time being, squalor and opulence shared the thoroughfare as incongruous neighbours. At the far end of the street, where of yore The Physical Culture Café cast square of light and occasional customers across the sidewalk, Mr. Glencannon saw a red-and-yellow striped awning beneath which a uniformed doorman stood sticking his chest out.

(*please turn to page* 32)

No king fought more gallantly at the head of his troops than King Theodore at the great battle of Pola Rossa. Four thousand Genoese soldiers fell that day

Continuing 3

BAD MEN

with the story of the King of Corsica, a trickster who died for an adopted country

KING IN DEBTOR'S GAOL

BY GEORGE EDINGER

THEODORE VON NEUHOFF never really had much of a chance. His family was very ancient and very noble and it had come a very long way down in the world. After his father's death, his mother lived with a French gentleman-in-waiting to the Duchess of Orleans and Theodore, being 18, got, through influence, a commission in King Louis XIV's Dragoons in 1713.

But he was not a very conscientious officer. He ran heavily into debt; forged bills to pay the debts; eventually ignored a summons to appear before a court martial. Instead, he went to Holland, where he lived on his wits and traded on his good looks and charming manners.

At last, somebody took him as his page to Spain, where a rich old lady of English Catholic extraction, named Catherine Sarsfield, fell in love with him. They were married but they were not happy.

That was hardly surprising because Theodore never loved her. He soon got tired of matrimony and he left his wife, taking her jewels along with him, pawning them in France and living on credit and the proceeds till he could not do so any longer.

He appeared in Amsterdam in 1725, where he put up an idea to some Jewish bankers. What the idea was is no longer known, nor can I guess what persuaded the Jews to finance a notorious crook like Theodore von Neuhoff, nor what security he could have given them. Possibly he had kept some of Lady Catherine's jewellery back. But he sold his idea and for ten years nothing more was heard of him.

The people of Corsica rose for their freedom in 1736. They had been oppressed and misgoverned for centuries by the Genoese, and they determined not to endure it any longer. But the Corsicans were poor and ragged and unarmed; and Genoa had a regular army and a navy trained in many hard wars against the Turks.

The rising came very near to fading out for want of weapons and then Theodore arrived.

He came to Bastia on April 5, 1736, with royal magnificence, clad all in crimson velvet and attended by officers and servants and negro slaves and a French cook. He brought ten cannon and 7,000 muskets with him and 2,000 pairs of shoes. Theodore had prospered at last.

And the Corsicans welcomed him as their deliverer. They made him their general. They even made him their king, though they had no better crown than a chaplet of oak leaves and no church, save an open field, in which to crown him. And, most remarkable of all, the respectable von Neuhoffs, back in Germany, recognised the family black sheep.

All kinds of cousins presented themselves at the bishop's palace in Campo Loro, where King Theodore had his headquarters, to offer him their swords in return for some post about his court. He took himself very seriously, dubbed knights, struck coins and addressed the Princes of Europe as Cousin.

But the Genoese knew who he was and they told the world his story, nothing extenuating, nor leaving out ought in malice. His debts in France and Holland, the wife he left in Spain, sundry frauds practised by him on the Jews of Amsterdam, the Genoese published everything, ending up with the promise of £500 for "King" Theodore alive, or £250 for his dead body.

But the Corsicans did not care. Or, if they did care, they did not believe the story; nobody qualified for the reward. They trusted Theodore as so many others had done and, for once, the trust was not misplaced.

No king fought more gallantly at the head of his troops than King Theodore at the great battle of Pola Rossa, on June 29, 1736. Four thousand Genoese soldiers fell that day and, when the fighting was over, Genoa no longer dared venture outside a few fortresses. No general exposed himself more recklessly than General Theodore at the seige of Bastia, where the last Genoese garrison held out on Corsican soil. No admiral was more daring than Admiral Theodore when he went out in the cutter that captured the two ships charged with food and ammunition for the besieged. But a people cannot live on its bravery or the bravery of its king.

Theodore's funds had run out and Bastia would not surrender. He wanted more muskets, more cannon for his men. So he left the island to raise, in Europe, the means with which to buy them. It was not wise to leave Corsica. It was less wise to go to Amsterdam. His Jewish bankers wanted their money back and they put the King of Corsica in a debtor's prison.

But they could not keep him there. Theodore had his friends and Corsica was worth something. He got his arms and he returned to his kingdom. Only the position had altered. Genoa had sold the troublesome island to France and Theodore was not well furnished enough to fight the whole French army.

So he never landed, but he went back to Europe to gather a new supply. This time he was not so lucky. His chances had faded. It was a melancholy royal progress round the continent to Leghorn, first, then Rome, Turin, Cologne.

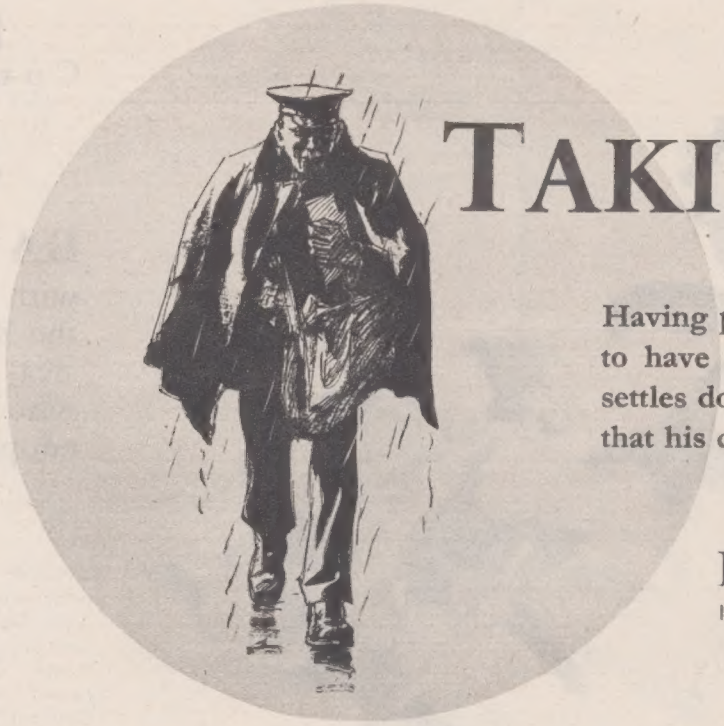
He came to London in 1742. And then he got some encouragement. France was the national enemy and Corsica was a useful naval base. Theodore saw several important people and they cheered him up so much that he passed on his enthusiasm and set off for his kingdom with a band of volunteers, two ships, guns, muskets and ammunition, and Corsica was still loyal. The last national edict proclaimed in 1744 its resolve to work and to die for King Theodore.

But there were French cruisers sailing round the island and Theodore could not slip through them. It was a sad, mad venture and it failed and Theodore returned to London to explain to his important friends that the odds were too heavy.

He got no chance to explain. Their doors were closed against him. Tittering footmen kept the king waiting in ante-rooms for the tip he could not pay them.

The ministers did not remember Theodore von Neuhoff, but the merchants did. They sent their bills in for arms they had furnished on credit. Theodore could not pay. So he went to the King's Bench prison. For not dying there he had to thank the generosity of English friends, a trifle shamefaced over the way the Ministry had let Theodore down.

He had to thank Horace Walpole, who headed the subscription list and David Garrick who gave him a special benefit performance at Drury Lane. But they could not do very much. The Soho garret where he died in 1756 in his 61st year, was not so very different from a cell in the King's Bench prison.



TAKING THE RAP

Having plundered the mail that he was supposed to have delivered, Old Joe, temporary postman, settles down to think of his future, never realising that his crime has shattered the peace of a suburb

BY DALE COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY M. MACKINLAY

OLD JOE, temporary postman, sat up suddenly in his chair and blinked about him, incredulously, bewildered, like one rudely awakened. His furnished room came back into his consciousness. Though his surroundings were so familiar, he gaped as if surprised to find himself there. A sigh fluttered out of him.

The last letter had been opened; the plunder of his bag completed.

"Well," he said to the plaster niggerboy who ate a scarlet slice of melon on his mantel, "one thing's certain : I'm no longer in the employ of the P. M. G. I've retired on—what's the word?—my unearned increment. I've quit. No more tramping the muddy streets in leaky shoes, no more aching feet, no more twinges of rheumatism, no more touches of 'flu you can't afford to nurse. From now on, your old friend Joe's going to be sitting pretty."

He smiled behind his ragged moustache, but his faded eyes remained perplexed by the terrible thing he had done. All the envelopes his busy fingers had ripped open were the property of other people and had been entrusted to his care. Who'd ever have thought that a sudden temptation would turn him, in a couple of hours, from a poor but honest citizen into a criminal, with more money in his pocket than he'd have earned in years? And it had happened so simply, without, seemingly, any evil intention on his part.

"I swear I didn't mean to do it," he told the niggerboy, who had watched the whole, quick process. "It was just the brute of a night and my feet being the way they were and my boots letting in the damp. Just an impulse, you know. When I brought them in here I'd have bet a million pounds I'd deliver them all to-morrow."

To-morrow?

He struck the table with his fist. To-morrow was Sunday.

There could be no delivery. The fact that he'd never thought of that showed how innocent he had been. If a man had contemplated such a crime he would have chosen Saturday night deliberately. In his case, it was only an accident.

But a fortunate one.

Now that he was a thief, time was what he needed. He had to make what they called in the films his get-away. Chance, continuing to treat him so kindly, had made him a present of an extra day and night. Before anybody could suspect, while people were still thinking that anything they expected would come in the first post on Monday, he could be far, far away.

He rubbed his hands gleefully and winked at the niggerboy. What was done could not be undone. Nothing could re-seal those envelopes. Well, he was glad of it, his conscience lulled by the rewards of his wickedness. The thousand pounds in notes—some mystery there right enough—the diamond ring, the numerous odd sums he had found—the haul was so much greater than he'd had any right to expect. If Fortune hadn't smiled he might have put himself in just as much peril of the law for next to nothing—for less than the price of his get-away. And now Fortune had confirmed her approval by giving him the boon of this additional twenty-four hours. It seemed the evildoer prospered.

Now to make the most of his luck. Now to act with speed and shrewdness, like one of those crooks on the screen.

The clink of china outside the door came to his ear. That was Mrs. McGuire collecting his supper tray from the hall.

"Good-night," she called. "Sweet dreams! It's awful out."

"Isn't it just? And sweet dreams to you, Mrs. McGuire."

The nightly ritual had been spoken for the last time.

For, of course, by this hour to-morrow he would have to be well on his way. England was no place for him now, with every policeman a potential foe and those post office detectives snooping about. But what did that matter? By a single bold stroke he had possessed himself of the key to the door of the world. He had only to turn it to step out into a brand-new life in a brand-new setting.

Where?

France?

Yes, that was the place for him. Easy to reach and quick. Down in the south, where the sun shone and mimosa bloomed and where it never rained. They had battles of flowers there. He'd seen pictures often enough. They had casinos where a man as lucky as he would be in his element. Of course, unless his astonishing luck continued in some way like that he wouldn't be rich for the rest of his life, but he'd have a real spell, anyway. Later, if necessary, with all the English people there he'd be able to get a job and any job in those parts would be better than tramping the rain-swept streets of London.

At least he'd be in the warmth by a blue sea beneath skies of blue.

A sneeze shook him, to remind him of what he had escaped.

Yes, France was his place.

And they'd never trace him there.

He went to his trunk and turned over his meagre belongings. At the bottom he found the passport he had taken out in those more prosperous days which had seemed to have vanished for ever. He rubbed it on his coat, remembering the biggest adventure of his married life : that trip to Paris on some of the bit of money Uncle Bert had left.

It had seemed a sheer extravagance at the time and yet, afterwards, Janet and he had often said that they enjoyed it so much it had proved a real investment. And just before she died and left him all alone one of the last things she'd said was, "Well, we did have our trip to Paris, Joe." Yes, an investment and now it paid another handsome dividend in the form of this blue booklet with its golden lettering. Without it, he would have been in a jam. His Majesty's lion and unicorn danced gaily on the cover for His Majesty's absconding postman.

He slipped it into his pocket.

What was the next move?

The sooner he was out of here the better, but first there was the mess to clear up. All this junk people had written and posted! He bundled it together and flung it on the fire where it blazed up and died into a mound of black ash which choked the grate.

While he was thus busy his mind worked with a clearness which delighted him.

He was still in time to catch a train in to town. There he'd put up at an obscure hotel for the night in a false name. Though in younger days he had sometimes wished that he had been of distinguished appearance, being commonplace had its advantages. Had he been tall and handsome, had he worn a red beard, it would have been a handicap now. As things were he'd be one of the million. In the morning, with that precious twenty-four hours start, he'd catch a 'plane to France and freedom. It was all as simple as could be and as sweet as pie.

For a long time his possessions had been few. He looked at them now in disdain. The things he needed, his shaving gear, pyjamas and so on, would go into one bag. Humming a little song, he put them together. Mrs. McGuire could inherit the rest. He scrawled a note to say that he'd heard his brother in Liverpool was ill and wanted him at once.

At first he'd thought he would not go, but on the spur of the moment had decided it was his duty. He was catching a night train and did not want to disturb her. He'd write if he were coming back. In the meantime he was leaving a couple of pounds for rent.

He could afford to do that and enjoyed the unwonted luxury of being generous.

The niggerboy still munched at his plaster melon.

"Good-bye, old lad," said Joe. "I almost wish I could take you with me, but when a fellow's making his get-away the lighter he travels the better.

The fire had gone out, a black funereal mound being all that remained of the mail which would not be delivered on Monday morning by Old Joe padding dutifully on his round. Not likely! By then he would be sitting back at ease on his way to the sunny Mediterranean.

He opened the door. The house was in darkness. Above, Mrs. McGuire or one of her other lodgers snored. Noiselessly, heart beating faster, he passed along the hall and slipped out into the night. The rain and the wind met him but he could scorn them now.

Forgetful of fallen arches, he stepped off briskly in the direction of the station, treading for the last time those familiar streets which would know him no more.

Wasn't the front at Nice called the Promenade of the English?

There were palms along it and big white hotels and happy, carefree people held carnival and sat for as long as they liked resting their legs in the gold of the sun.

Mrs. Syme was surprised by the ring at the bell so late on such an evening, but she was even more surprised when she opened the front door and found Mrs. Jones standing there. The poor old soul in her shawl and bonnet, looked a piteous figure in the rain with the wind blowing her skirt about her.

She started across the road for the mews. The car, coming swiftly along the wet street, headlights blurred, gave out a harsh scream of brakes. Something grasped Mrs. Jones and jerked her back violently. The shock sent everything black

"Why, Mrs. Jones, whatever's the matter? But first come in out of the wet."

Mrs. Jones stepped in gladly enough, a smile of gratitude playing briefly about her lined and worried face.

"I was so afraid you might be out. I do hope I'm not bothering you."

"Not a bit of it," said her neighbour, for people were friendly in The Mews. "As a matter of fact I've just made myself some tea. You'll have a cup, won't you? It'll warm you up and keep the chill out."

"You're very kind," Mrs. Jones said. "I'd be glad of it. I simply couldn't sit at home alone any longer. I was in such a state."

"Now you just go in by the fire while I get another cup," soothed Mrs. Syme. "I shan't be a minute and then you'll be able to tell me all about it."

She bustled away and rejoined her visitor without delay, concerned but also agog to hear the news.

"Now then, my dear, what's upset you?"

Mrs. Jones held out thin, trembling hands to the fire.

"It's about my Alfie," she said, "I'm simply beside myself."

"Why, whatever's happened to him?"

"That's just it—I don't know. That's what makes it worse, but I'm sure it's something terrible."

"But——?"

"One of the other men must have committed some crime and put the blame on him. He wouldn't do anything bad himself, but it'd be just like him to be shielding somebody else. You see, I've one of those feelings I get. Alfie's in the guardroom and he'll lose his stripes or have something dreadful done to him. They'll court-martial the poor boy. And he's the only one I have left—my youngest son. It'll break his heart to think of worrying me."

"But——?" Mrs. Syme prompted again.

Her caller, rocking, disregarded the interruption. "Or, if it's not that, then there's been an accident. One of the guns has exploded and he's killed or wounded. Oh, I don't know which way to turn, I'm that put about."

"The best thing you can do is to drink your tea while it's hot, my dear," Mrs. Syme said. "Now do be good and then you must tell me."

Mrs. Jones took a sip, and found it welcome. She sipped again; she drained the cup; she said, "Ah!"

"Now," said Mrs. Syme, firmly, "what makes you think there's something wrong with your Alfie?"

"You are so kind," Mrs. Jones said. "I can't thank you enough. That tea was lovely. Yes, another, please. I suppose I am an old fool, but you know how wrapped up in my boy I am. And the best son any mother ever had! Being sent to me so late in life, made him seem something special and not like the others. Now they've all gone and I've only him left—my last born."

"Yes, yes, dear! I know all that. But you still haven't explained."

"How can I, when I don't know what's happened? But I do know it's serious. Every Saturday night since he's been in the army—and that's years and years now—I've had my letter from him. He's never missed, come rain or shine. If all the calendars were destroyed I'd know it was Saturday because I'd have my Alfie's letter. He's as regular as clockwork. But to-night there wasn't one, which means something awful, I'm sure."

Mrs. Syme contrived to hide her laugh, which might have been hurtful.

"Why, you goose," she said. "Is that all the trouble? I thought it was a real tragedy. You're too silly, to fret. Why, he's just missed the post, or it's been held up in some way. These things are bound to happen."

But Mrs. Jones still looked doleful. "It's all very well for you to talk, but I tell you I feel trouble in

(*please turn to page* 13)

You must try this

6D SIMPSON BRAND IODINE FOAM BATH

Mr. J. W. Simpson
Chemist (The Iodine Specialist)

INSTEAD of spending half a guinea for the usual Foam - bath, you can now have, for the cost of 6d., a similar Foam - bath in your own bath - room at home. Not an ordinary Foam-bath but a SIMPSON IODINE Foam-bath which invigorates and tones up the body and brings health and vitality as it slims.

The water is softened amazingly.

A unique feature about this bath is that whilst the Seaweed Iodine invigorates the body and removes unwanted fat, the detergent (*pore cleansing*) effect of the foam itself takes away every grain of dirt and impurities from your skin. All aches and pains have gone as well.

When you emerge from the bath (all covered with foam) you wipe off the foam clinging to your body with a dry towel. Then you come to the greatest pleasure of all. Your skin has been entirely cleared of impurities, and you are left with a lovely *silky* feeling all over; so much so that when you put your *undies* on they feel as if they are slipping off you.

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No more Corns or Tired and Aching feet. Half a small packet as a foot-bath and you feel as if you are walking on air.

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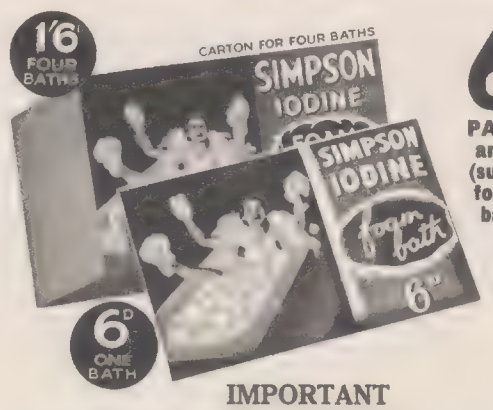

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In case of difficulty, post free from J. W. SIMPSON *(Chemist)*, Ltd., Aldwych House, London, W.C.2.

my bones. You're a mother yourself, Mrs. Syme, and you ought to understand. If only Salisbury wasn't so far away I'd go down to-night if it took my last penny."

"Now that's preposterous. You'll get his letter on Monday, as sure as the sun will rise." Touched by the old soul's ridiculous distress, Mrs. Syme decided to lie in the good cause of restoring calm. "Why, I myself was expecting two letters for certain to-night. Neither of them has turned up. So that just shows, doesn't it?"

"You mean you haven't had anything at all?"

"Not a thing! But I'm not getting all worked up. Monday will be time enough. Indeed, I happened to be speaking to Mr. Baker from across the way and he mentioned that he'd been watching out for the postman himself and hadn't seen a trace of him."

Mrs. Jones finished her second cup.

"What a comfort you are! It's a wonder you have any patience with me. I'm so glad that I came to you, all the same, and didn't stay at home fussing. Oh, if only to-morrow weren't Sunday."

"It's only a difference of a few hours."

"But if I could be sure the postman hadn't been round I could wait in peace. I know! I'll slip down to the little shop in The Crescent. He always has heaps of letters. I've been in there when they've come. If he's had nothing it means nobody has. So I'll just pop down and make sure. I did enjoy my tea." She rose, bonnet nodding, and gathered her shawl about her.

"You'll do nothing of the kind. The only popping you're going to do is straight back to bed. On a night like this!—why, you might get your death."

Mrs. Jones wagged her head, seemingly convinced.

"Perhaps you're right. After all, I could ask down there to-morrow, couldn't I?"

"Of course, you could. And it'll probably be a nice, sunny morning."

In a much happier frame of mind, Mrs. Jones took her departure.

"Straight home now!"

"Why, naturally!"

The door closed and the rain beat down. It would be such a comfort to be positive even if it meant a bit of a wetting. With a guilty, almost sly, glance back at Mrs. Syme's house she turned down the mews and toddled towards The Crescent.

Inspector Davenport, of Scotland Yard, having given the signal to his men engaged with him on the case of the stolen plans, turned back into the shop. He puffed the cigarette and, glossy, black, looked liked a happy and alert rook.

"That's that," he said to the bearded man behind the counter. "You may be needed as a witness. Don't forget what that customer of yours looked like."

"No danger of that, sir."

"Now listen to me. That letter he's been calling here for and which should have come to-night has got important documents in it. Plans, see? Official secrets. That's why I'm here. Now when it does arrive on Monday you're to put it in a safe place and hand it over to nobody unless it's one of my men with my authority."

"Yes, sir," said the shopkeeper, looking anxious. "But if it's as important as all that, wouldn't it be better to get it direct from the post office, sir? I mean, he might just happen to meet the postman and get the thing from him. The 'posty's' only a relief and seems a bit of a simpleton to judge by the look of him."

"As a matter of fact, I'd already thought of that," Inspector Davenport said. He hadn't but he did not like to have civilians making sound suggestions. "I only mentioned your end of the business in case——"

He broke off. An elderly woman, so bedraggled by the rain that she looked like a witch, had entered. It was rather a surprise to see a body of that age abroad in such weather.

"Oh, excuse me just one moment," she burst out eagerly, "but have you had any letters by to-night's post?"

"Nothing, Mrs. Jones."

"Oh, thank God."

That struck Inspector Davenport as a peculiar comment, and the peculiar often proved to be his affair.

"Why do you say that?" he asked, in a pleasant way.

All fears allayed, Mrs. Jones was quite ready to pour out her tale to the kind gentleman.

"And you see if there's nothing even here it means Alfie must be all right," she concluded. "And none of the neighbours had so much as a postcard. But now I really am satisfied and shall sleep sound. Thank you so much! Thank you! Goodnight!"

She hobbled out, beaming.

"Something rum here," the inspector said. "I think I'll have a word with your local postmaster by telephone."

Mrs. Jones's only thought now was to get home to bed. Dear Alfie! He had not failed her and he was all right. She started across the road for the mews. The car coming swiftly along the wet street, headlights blurred, gave out a harsh scream of brakes. Something grasped Mrs. Jones and jerked her back, violently. The shock sent everything black. When her senses returned she was dumbfounded to find herself lying on the pavement in the midst of an agitated group. The sheer surprise of that might have caused her to faint again, but she was strengthened by the sight of the dark gentleman who'd been so nice to her in the little shop. Whatever awful thing had happened, he was kind and would help.

A policeman was speaking to him.

"I saw it myself," the policeman was saying. "The old fool stepped straight off the kerb and would have gone right under the car. Never looked once. He made a grab at her and pulled her back. The motorist jammed on his brake and went into a skid. The car shot up on to the pavement, missed the old dame and caught the man. Bad luck for him, after he'd saved her life."

Mrs. Jones sat up unsurely.

The policeman knelt down by another black form.

"He's a gonner, sir," he reported. Some of the crowd took off their hats and stood bareheaded in the rain. Mrs. Jones became vaguely aware of a car smashed into a garden fence. "Hullo, sir, that's funny. He's got a huge wad of notes sticking out of this inside pocket and here's a passport and a diamond ring. Lots of money on him. Doesn't look right, somehow, not judging by his clothes." He shone his lamp on the dead man's face. "Anybody know him?"

Mrs. Jones gave a choked scream.

"Why, why, that's our postman! The one who brings Alfie's letters."

"You've fixed it so's he won't bring any more," Inspector Davenport said, brutally, for he did not like people whose carelessness caused car smashes. He considered briefly. "The postman who didn't make that last delivery, eh? Complete with a lot of money, passport, and bag. Making his get-away, eh? Mighty queer that because of the one letter that probably mattered least, he should have had to take the rap."

THE END

CURIOSNAPS

"Passing Show" readers who send in original photographs of queer sights suitable for this feature, receive 10/6 for each picture published. They should enclose stamped envelope

Sir Joseph Danvers died in 1753 and asked to be buried with his dog. He could not be buried in the church ground so the authorities compromised by erecting the tombstone half in and half out of the graveyard

An unusual type of windmill, somewhat damaged, at Haverhill, Suffolk.

You have to hand it to the Chinese!

We finally discovered this was a Star Mole and the star-shaped thing at the top was a face

This man sells sweets—wound around the pole. The tin at the top contains stones which he rattles to warn of his approach

Curiosnapper unearthed this at Port Said

At 205 Holborn, under the premises of a shoe company, are these cellars, once belonging to a tavern, from which condemned criminals on the way to Tyburn, were privileged to drink

A DOG'S LIFE

BY

GEORGE SESSIONS PERRY

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIXBY WATSON

BLACK, utterly black, was the night. A cold, north wind swept through the giant river pecan trees, whose fruit had now fallen and been gathered. As Dave Castleberry walked along the brushy lane, guided by the padding footsteps of his dog, he knew that few creatures besides himself would be abroad on such a night. The coon, perhaps, and possum; even an occasional mink might move in such weather; but the rest would lie snug in hollows and holes. The moccasins, dazed and numb, were embedded in the drifts of last spring's making. The catfish in the San Pedro river, which ran a few yards to his right, would lie dormant in the deeper holes. Only those humans who had the most urgent business would be astir.

Certainly, Dave's was urgent. He was on his way to ask a woman to marry him. And while this particular woman had a splendid disposition and was not easily shocked, that was an enormous thing to ask of any woman and Dave knew it.

It was not that his shortcomings were innumerable; they were few indeed. He was a staunch friend (this mission proved that, surely) and a truthful, as well as genial, companion.

But on the other side of the ledger, there was a distaste for work that amounted almost to an aversion. In short, Dave's laziness was spectacular, was refined to such a degree that it could almost be regarded as a feat.

And since his mission was what it was, it is, no doubt, relevant to say that neither was he a fashion plate. The seat of his trousers had been renewed with a broad area of croker sacking stitched with binder twine. And the woollen shirt beneath his canvas jumper was more absent than present.

Yet the paramount difficulty before him was a notion the lady's father had taken up, connecting Dave with the disappearance of a certain fat hog in a previous year. And old man Abernathy, whose shotgun never lay far from his hand, had a disturbingly impetuous disposition.

The discriminating reader will, therefore, have seen that Dave Castleberry's life, like that of all the rest of us, had its complexities and was by no means all squirrel stew and piping pone.

When he came to the old elm log that lay across the lane, Dave stopped and made a noise like a hoot owl, then a crow and then a hoot owl again. That was the signal.

With his gun cocked, he waited.

Soon a woman appeared out of the darkness, from the direction of the house. Dave's dog remained perfectly quiet.

"Yore pap asleep, Sadie?" Dave inquired.

"I hope so."

Dave and Sadie sat down on the log.

"Well, lissen, Sadie. You know I been mighty fond o' you fer a long time. Anyway, I come to-night to ask you to marry me. An' while I'm un-handsome an' pore and awful triflin', I love you an' it looks like that ought to count for somethin'."

"That'd be jest nice as pie, Dave, 'ceptin' Pap has done said he'd kill you if he ever caught you a-whifflecatin' around here. He's still mad about that hog he said you . . . well, he'd kill you shore, should we wed."

"I ain't scared of him," Dave said. Then, qualifying this brash statement, he added, "Not very, nohow."

"Well, so am I. An' I reckon we better not risk it."

"Then it looks like this is the end fer us, Sadie. I *got* to marry somebody. You know that."

"Pap's gettin' powerful old. 'Fore long he'll pass on to his reward. Then we can."

"I can't wait, Sadie. Wisht I could, but I can't. But I want you to always know you was the one I wanted. An' I wonder could I maybe kiss you good-bye?"

Sadie looked at the ground.

"Shore you can, Dave."

Tenderly, somewhat humbly, he kissed her.

Sadie went back to the house and Dave walked on down the dark lane.

He had to have a wife at once and there was only one other woman now available. That woman was Patience Whitcomb. She was, indeed, a far cry from his beloved Sadie. Yet, Dave told himself, had Patience been more desirable as a wife, some desperate person might have married her already. And whatever the penalties, he *had* to have a wife.

He was sick with disappointment over having to marry any woman besides Sadie, but this was not the sort of crisis human emotion could affect. Only action, and immediate action, could stave off calamity. It was, then, with resignation that Dave walked on to what he, like anyone else who knew Patience Whitcomb, realised was a fate considerably worse than death.

It was near midnight, when he reached Patience's house. But he walked straight up to it and called, "Hello!"

"Git frum here," a woman's voice answered, "ef you don't want the dogs set on you."

"Patience, this is Dave. . . . I'm studyin' about askin' you to marry me."

"Aw!" came the incredulous answer. Then, after a shocked silence, "Hold on. I'm coming."

When she came outside, Pat put his tail between his legs and crouched on the ground. A less intelligent dog could have told, by her face, that gentleness was not one of her virtues.

As the lamplight fell upon the woman's features, Dave thought to himself, "Woman, that face o' your'n would curdle milk." Aloud, he said:

"Patience. . . ."

"Talk to me, Dave."

"I got to have a wife. I ain't much, shorely, but I reckon you know you ain't got such a lot o' winnin' qualities yoreself. But so you won't feel like you been tricked, I want you to know why I asked you. I'm going to have to take the bankrup' law an' there's what's called 'exceptions,'

things yore creditors can't take. An' accordin' to Texas law, a married man can hold back a dog, but a single man can't. . . ."

"I allus knowed you was a fool——" Patience began.

"I just wanted to come clean with you, Patience, an' let you know I was makin' this deal for my dog. He's the best bird dog in Texas. But fer that matter, if he warn't nothin' 'cept a cur an' had been as faithful as he has, I'd stick by him. An' if that ain't romantic enough for you, I'll jest have to try sommers else. But it does kinda look like this is yore last chance, don't it?"

Patience had to admit that it did. Then she announced:

"All right. I'm a-takin' you up."

Somehow this plighting of his troth did not set Dave wild with joy, even if it were, possibly, the least of two very evil evils.

"I got a dollar-ten saved up," he informed his fiancee. "If you c'n raise forty cents, we'll have licence money an' can get it over with to-morrow."

"I got that much," said Patience, too shocked at the probability of getting a real, live husband to haggle. "Come early."

"Reasonable early," Dave said. Then to Pat, for whom this sacrifice had been made, he said, "Come on, boy. Le's go get some rest."

On the following afternoon, when the newly weds started home in the hack, a discussion soon arose as to whether Pat should ride or walk. And though Dave was quick to say that if he rode, his dog would ride, Patience gave Pat a kick that sent him yelping out of the hack. But since Dave could not see where his own walking would be of any actual assistance to Pat, he sighed and stayed where he was.

Even when Mrs. Castleberry introduced the subject of tobacco chewing into the conversation, Dave lay low and was non-committal. But when this woman, to whom nothing apparently was sacred, gave her views on menfolk sleeping in their clothes in the winter months, Dave said:

"Now, Patience, you know there warn't nothin' about that in the deal."

"Deal, my foot!" snorted Patience, showing where she stood on the sanctity of contract. "I'm gonna civilise you, Dave Castleberry, or know the reason why."

"If I tried sleepin' raw, I'd freeze."

"Cose you would. I don't mean sleep like no buzzard. I mean sleep in yore underclothes, like respectable folks."

"It's dangerous, Patience. Sides layin' there a-shiverin' all night, I'll catch somethin'. An' I jest ain't a-gonna do it."

But this time, Dave had miscalculated the source of the most imminent danger, which definitely was not the rheums from winter's chill, but the wife whom he would not promise to obey. For Patience believed in direct measures and facing issues where she found them.

"You want me to take this buggy whip to you an' jump you outen this hack?"

"No."

"Then promise you'll quit sleepin' in yore clothes."

When Dave hesitated, Patience reached for the whip.

"Whoa, ole donkey," said the groom, abjectly. "I'll get out 'fore it comes to that."

Patience rode on in the hack alone.

When Dave got home, an hour after Patience, he did not carry the bride over the threshold. In the first place she had already crossed it and, in the second, his throbbing feet would not have been equal to that double load.

Yet, now that they were here, Dave felt that perhaps the old house would cast something of its spell upon Patience, for in this house three generations of Castleberrys had relaxed.

A hundred yards from the river, this ancient frame structure leaned, in gentle repose, against two immense cottonwood trees that had beckoned it for years, before, Castleberry-like, it had begun to relinquish its hold upon itself. For a generation, it had leaned against these sturdy trunks and would continue to do so until, in exhaustion, it should settle back into the earth from which it had come.

The barn, less fortunate, having nothing to lean on, had simply fallen down. And while Dave had regretted the passing of this useful building, none could deny that its remains had made elegant kindling through a whole winter.

The fields still lay in the same savage, un-ploughscarred condition in which God had made them. And Johnson grass and cockle burrs and matting vines sucked at and thrived upon their fecundity.

Yet the traditions of cordiality and repose that hung about this homestead exerted no influence whatever upon its new mistress. Unless it was that she took her cue from the ancient fence, a thousand times partially mended, never wholly repaired, that staggered around the house and resembled a severely used, barbed wire entanglement that might have been transplanted here from some foreign battlefield.

She harassed Dave with every means available to a woman possessing a loud, rasping voice and two strong arms. And though, at first, he had tried to protect Pat from her, he had, in the end, been forced to leave Pat's defences entirely to Pat, since he found himself unequal to managing his own.

Thus, in one-sided conflict, did this union go on. And since the bankruptcy proceedings, delayed for some reason in court, had yet to occur, there appeared to be nothing Dave could do about this mistreatment but accept it. Yet, as is customarily the case with those whose greatest pleasure comes from tormenting others, Patience refused to admit, even to herself, what a grand time she was having torturing Dave. Instead, because a great deal of satisfaction was to be had from feeling sorry for herself, she took up the notion that she was the most persecuted of women; that her cross, composed of her husband's laziness, was insufferable, and more than any upright woman could be asked to bear.

One afternoon, a couple of months after the wedding, Dave and Pat returned from the river, where Dave had taken three catfish off his trot line. All the way home, he had wished that, like other men, he had a wife who would take over the job of cleaning the fish when he reached the house. But to avert friction, he picked up the cob-handled butcher knife as he passed through the kitchen and went on into the bedroom to get a chew. Once there, he sat down on the bed to clean the fish. So long had Dave lived exclusively in the amiable, unexacting company of Pat, that he did not take into account the feminine reaction to seeing catfish cleaned on a bed.

A little later, then, when Patience returned and beheld the bed festooned with the viscera of catfish and, further, saw the head of one of those unfortunate creatures peering out at her from the interior of one of her Sunday shoes where this staring object had unluckily fallen, she let out a screech and caught up that most dreaded by Dave of instruments, the old broom stub beside the door.

Pat, who had been lying at his master's feet, but who was an alert dog, went through the window with a single leap. His master departed through the kitchen door screaming as he did so, "Cam yoself, Patience. Try to cam yoself."

Outside, with Patience in close pursuit, Dave thrice rounded the house. Then, as if he had been a missile in a twirling sling which had suddenly been released, he abandoned this circular route and shot across a field into the brush along the river.

And Patience, whose one fear was of snakes, did not follow him.

A quarter-hour later, Dave saw Patience emerge from the house with a half-filled meal sack, put a rope halter on the donkey and ride away.

Dave's first impulse was to shout with joy, but having learned that in dealing with Patience nothing could be taken for granted, he suppressed that shout. It must surely be some sort of trap.

A few minutes later, a roadster drove up to the house. At first Dave was surprised. Then he recognised the driver as Edgar Selfridge, a young man from the near-by town of Hackberry. Dave was fond of this boy, who was a skilled and eager hunter and who knew a good dog when he saw one. Edgar would have seen which way Patience had gone.

He departed through the kitchen door, screaming, "Cam yoself, Patience. Try to cam yoself"

Abandoning his forest sanctuary, Dave walked back to the house, where he shook hands with Edgar and said he had been wondering why he hadn't been out for a hunt.

"Been out of town," Edgar said. "By the way, your wife passed me on the bridge."

"Then you seen our little romp around the yard?"

"Yes. I didn't mean to spy, but——"

"What did Patience allow?"

"She said she was leaving you for good. Going to get a divorce. And that you must send her half the furniture, at once, to her brother Joe's, who lives two counties down the river."

"Be a heap of trouble, seems like," Dave said, absently.

"And she also said," said Edgar, "that if you didn't, she'd have you jailed and then she'd get in the jail with you and make you break out."

(*please turn to page* 17)

I leave the cooking to the cooker!

Women who have not yet got an *electric* cooker can hardly believe me when I tell them how much trouble mine saves me. The poor dears are so used to basting that they don't realise that a joint needs no basting at all in an electric oven, or how easy cooking becomes when you control the exact cooking heat you want at the touch of a switch. But when they lunch with me they *do* realise how much nicer food tastes when cooked in fumeless electric heat —and off they go to see about an electric cooker for their own homes

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17 Crescent East,
Dear Sir, Hadley Wood, Middlesex.

I feel it is my duty, both to you and the general public, to tell you how the marvellous properties of 'ASPRO' have helped me, and still continue to do so, from terrible headaches due to eyestrain. Not only are the pains active in my head, but they often come down either side of my face, with the result I get awful bouts of neuralgia. If it were not for the soothing effects of those wonderful little tablets—'ASPRO'—it would be almost too much to bear.

Very gratefully yours,
J. EVANS (Mrs.).

RECOMMENDS 'ASPRO' FOR ALL AGES

34 Stockport Road,
Dear Sirs, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancs.

Please accept my words of gratitude for your wonderful 'ASPRO' tablets. I am 41 years of age and have derived such benefit that I want you to know and others that 'ASPRO' has steadied me up to A.1. condition. I would not be without them. I carry them with me wherever I go and widely advertise them for all ages.

I am, Yours sincerely,
EVA EVANS (Mrs.).

HEADACHES WONDERFULLY EASED

19 Canonbury Rd., Essex Road,
Dear Sirs, London, N.1.

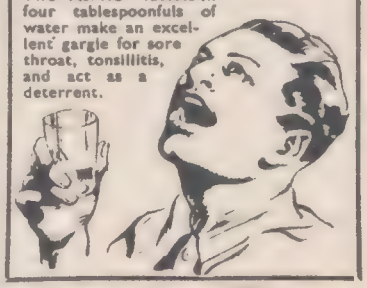
Being such a sufferer from bad headaches I can only say what a wonderful ease I get when I take 'ASPRO.' I really do not know what I should do without them when I get these bad attacks with my head. The first thing I fly to is the 'ASPRO' box and I really think that every home should find good use for them and never be without them.

I recommend them to all friends and people that I know who complain of headaches and colds and I can only say they are one of my truest friends that I possess. Yours truly,—

E. RAFE (Mrs.).

USE 'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE TOO

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsillitis, and act as a deterrent.



PRICES 3D. 6D. 1/3 2/6

This line sobered Dave and arrested Pat's tail in mid-wag.

For a moment, Dave did not speak. Finally, he said :

"Le's go in the house, Edgar. I got some catfish to fry."

Twenty minutes later, as the two men sat at the kitchen table facing each other over a pile of hot, brown catfish, Dave said, "Edgar, I'm in a mess. An' maybe you can help me figger some way out of it. If I don't have a wife when the bankruptin' comes, they'll take Pat shore. An' there's a fellow named Bert Fischer that'd give every cent he's got to buy Pat, an' after he got him he'd treat him—well, jest like a dog, that's what, an' Pat ain't used to no such doin's."

"We won't let that happen," said Edgar, with the dauntless enthusiasm of youth.

"How we gonna help it?" Dave asked.

"I can't say right offhand. But we'll do something. Maybe we better go out and hunt a while and think."

That seemed a fitting move to Dave. Immediately they set out on their hunt.

The short, January afternoon was almost gone when the two hunters and Pat returned with a dozen quail. But as they drew near the house, they noticed a small, black coupé standing beside Edgar's roadster and saw a girl climb out of it and wave to them.

She was perhaps an inch or two taller than the average, with hair as black as the fertile bottom lands after a rain. Her brown eyes and lovely mouth co-operated beautifully in the business of smiling.

"Well, if it ain't Peaches," said Dave, happily.

Peaches, he explained to Edgar as a supplement to the introduction, was the schoolmarm from the country school a mile or so down the river.

"I see," said Edgar, envying the pupils.

"I was just passing," Peaches said, "and thought I'd see how you and Patience were getting along. But you were gone and there was a strange man here."

"What kind o' man?"

"A lawyer."

"Oh!"

"He left a message for you. But maybe I'd better tell you privately."

"Never mind. It won't be no news to Edgar. He seen the final skirmish from the bridge."

"The lawyer said you've have to send Patience her part of the furniture and everything else, or go to jail."

"There ain't no everything else."

Dave said this line with what amounted almost to a touch of defiance. For the very sight of this lovely, intelligent girl had bolstered the two men. With an ally like Peaches, and she obviously meant to be an ally, they somehow felt that their dilemma was no longer overwhelming. Within them, there arose the inner conviction that soon things, and favourable things, would begin to happen, just as the badgered and beaten armies of France must have felt when Joan of Arc rode out to lead their columns.

As they ate the dinner of quail and hot biscuits which Peaches had cooked for them, she said to Dave :

"As soon as I set away the dishes, we'd better go out and see about getting you married again."

"To who?"

"I think I'd try Sadie this time."

Dave sighed wistfully, without answering.

"Her papa objects," Edgar put in, helpfully, having heard the inside story of this blighted romance. "It's something about a hog."

"Her ole man has had his kettle on fer me for the longest," Dave said, glumly.

"Not any more," Peaches said.

"How come?"

"Because he's dead. That's why."

"Shut yore mouth!" said Dave, incredulously.

"Middle of last week," said Peaches. "A wonder you hadn't heard."

"I been a-feared to leave the place for two weeks. Fretted Patience for me to go off. . . . But now that I went ahead an' married another woman, I spec Sadie has got mad. She probably figgered I ought to waited on her pap to die."

"Rot," said Peaches, sternly.

"What you mean?"

"I mean, sweep her off her feet. Did a feud, did even a *living*, angry papa stop Romeo? Would it have stopped Leander or Don Juan?"

"I reckon not," Dave said.

"Love," said Peaches, "may be born suddenly, but it dies slowly. And just because it's sick is no sign it's dead. You must fan those dying embers back into flame."

"I'm a-feared I ain't much of a fanner, Peaches."

"Afraid! That's the whole thing. Did Europe come crawling to Napoleon or did he march out and *take* it, *conquer* it?"

"No, by dern," said the aroused Dave, "an' I'll go conquer her. Crank up the car, Edgar, an' let's get goin'."

If, on this moonlit, cloud-flecked January night, romance were not already in the air, it was when Dave Castleberry stepped out into it. Dave and Pat rode in the rumble seat, Edgar and Peaches in front.

"Now this," said Peaches as the roadster shot along the country road, "is my idea of the way to get things done."

As the car stopped before the Abernathy house, a hound bawled.

"Don't weaken," Peaches admonished Dave. "Give her the works."

Dave grunted.

His companions realised with delight that it was an extremely determined grunt.

With a lamp in one hand and a shotgun in the other, Sadie came to the door.

"What you want?" she called.

"This is Dave and friends. We've come a-courtin'."

"Enter and set," she invited. "But there won't be no courtin'. The Good Book is agin courtin' married men."

When Dave and his entourage came inside, they saw a man in a pair of new overalls and a three days' growth of beard sitting in a rocking chair. Sadie introduced him as Bert Fischer to Edgar and Peaches. Evidently he needed no introduction to Dave, despite the fact that there was no show of cordiality between them.

Edgar noticed that Pat licked Sadie's hand and that she gave him a friendly glance and told him to lie down by the fireplace.

"Patience is quittin' me," Dave announced, "an' I need a new wife, an' won't nobody suit me but you, Sadie."

"Hold on here a minute," Bert Fischer said. "I come to ask Sadie to marry *me*. An' *I'm* some account."

"You are invitin' me to be second choice?" Sadie asked Dave, haughtily.

"You know I married Patience to save my dog and that's all," Dave said, oblivious of Bert. "And if yore old man hadn't swore he'd kill me, I'd a-married you then."

"I don't reckon you are liar enough to promise to make me a living, are you, Dave?"

"No," said the honest Dave, "I ain't."

"I've got two mules," Bert Fischer announced, defiantly. "They stand sixteen hands high."

"I always figgered," said Dave, "that it took more'n a couple o' mules, no matter how high they stood, to make a woman happy."

Edgar wanted to cheer this biting speech. Instead he exchanged smiles with Peaches.

"An' what's more," said Dave, "it's a dirty, low-down plot to get my dog. Don't think I don't know what's in ole Bert's mind. He's been schemin' around to get Pat for three years. He knowed I couldn't stand up to that Patience and he figgered on headin' me off from the onliest other wife I could get, so he'd be able to buy Pat at the bankruptin'. That's what he's up to, Sadie. It ain't love, as it is with me. He's just usin' you as a tool to beat me out o' my dog."

But before Sadie could answer, Bert Fischer said, "Why, I could a-bought the Hamby dog, an' he's better'n yourn."

This amused Dave. Serenely he said :

"Sir, I have only my house left, an' my gun an' the clothes on my back. But all of 'em, and a month's work in the cotton patch, will I bet you that Pat can make that Hamby dog look like a shoat with a cut snout in any field trial on any date of yore own choosing."

Seeing there was nothing to be gained on this tack, and led to another by the word "shoat," Bert asked point-blank :

"What about that hog you stole offen Sadie's pap?"

"Yes," said Sadie, "what about it?"

"Do even *you* think I stole it?" asked the wounded Dave.

"All I know," Sadie said, "is, the hog disappeared an' about that time you started gettin' fat an' so Pap got s'picious an' looked under yore house an' found two ears with his mark on 'em."

Bert was more than smug. He was ecstatic, as he said :

"Let him try to explain that away."

"Purely circumstantial evidence," said Edgar, faithful to his friend to the last.

"I guess there's not much splainin' to do," said the humiliated Dave, without hope. "Folks jest natchully get pork-hungry when winter comes, even if they ain't got no hogs o' their own."

Edgar was wretched. So was Peaches.

"What I can't understand," said the triumphant Bert, "was how you could ever expected Sadie to marry any such trash as you."

"Well," Sadie said, calmly, "I don't see no reason for y'all to get so excited an' for Bert to get so positive. Shorely no woman wuth her salt would turn down the man she loves, jest cause he's pore an' a hog thief."

The others were stunned.

"Then Dave is the . . . the lucky one?" stammered Peaches.

"Close he is," said the happy Sadie, moving over beside the man she had loved for so many years.

Beneath his red stubble, Bert turned purple and involuntarily swallowed a sizable amount of tobacco juice. Then, with no congratulations whatever to his fortunate adversary, he shoved on his hat and stalked out of the room.

Dave looked at the floor and twisted his hat brim in his hands.

"Pat and Edgar and I," said the sensible Peaches, "will wait outside."

Shortly, Dave came out and announced that, despite the late hour, he was going to ship that pesky furniture to Patience, at once. And since this was his night of nights, no one had the heart to disagree.

An hour later, then, the five of them started to town in the roadster, beneath a double layer of chairs and bedsteads. An oak dresser was tied on to the rear bumper. But as the car came on to the bridge from which Edgar had had his first view of the Castleberry's domestic situation, Dave yelled :

"Stop!"

Applying the brakes, Edgar inquired what Dave had forgotten. There was a resounding splash.

"I ain't forgot nothin'," Dave said, "none o' them lickin's and cussin's and kickin's that dad-blumbed Patience give me. I'm jest a-shippin' this furniture by water, that's all. And when you get to town, Edgar, write her fer me and say if she'll jest set out on the gravel bar behind Joe's crib and watch for it, it ought to get there some time day after to-morrow and to be on the look-out for it."

Now the dresser plunged into the swiftly flowing San Pedro, swelled by December rains. Already, the first chair had passed out of sight around the bend.

In the rumble seat where Pat had snuggled against Sadie's side, little waves of joy and contentment hovered about them, like rabbits hovering about a young oat patch.

ELIZABETH IN AFRICA

MTANGULIZI

What is this strange and amazing secret that a cockney maid discovered in Africa ?

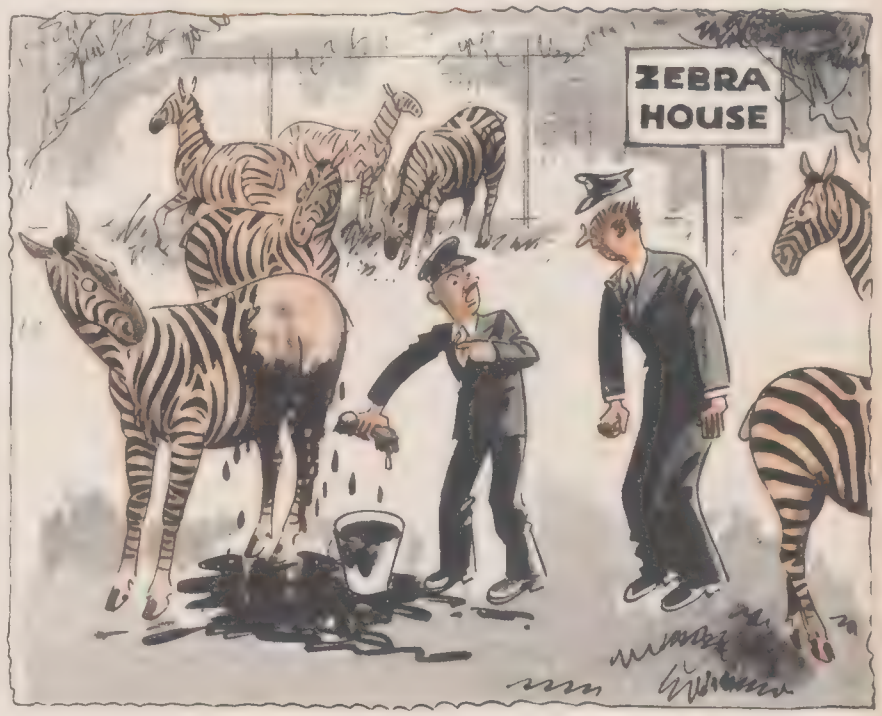
Don't miss the beginning of a thrilling new ELIZABETH SERIES by FLORENCE KILPATRICK.

NEXT WEEK

The simultaneous dancers play in a doubles match

Laugh

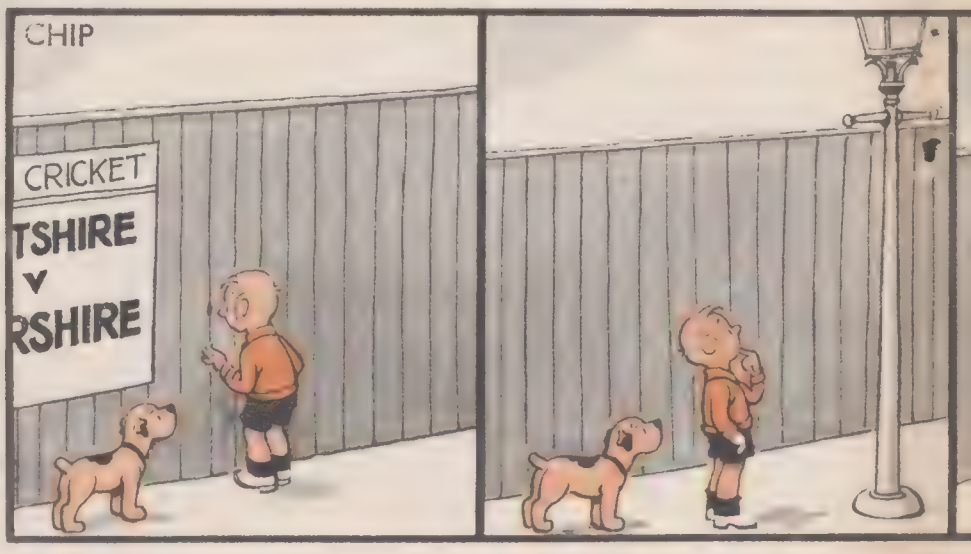
The "PASSING SHOW



"Look, a gate crasher"

Council Inspector: "And next time, lock this sand-bin before you leave!"

"It's the nearest we could get to a broadcast for her"



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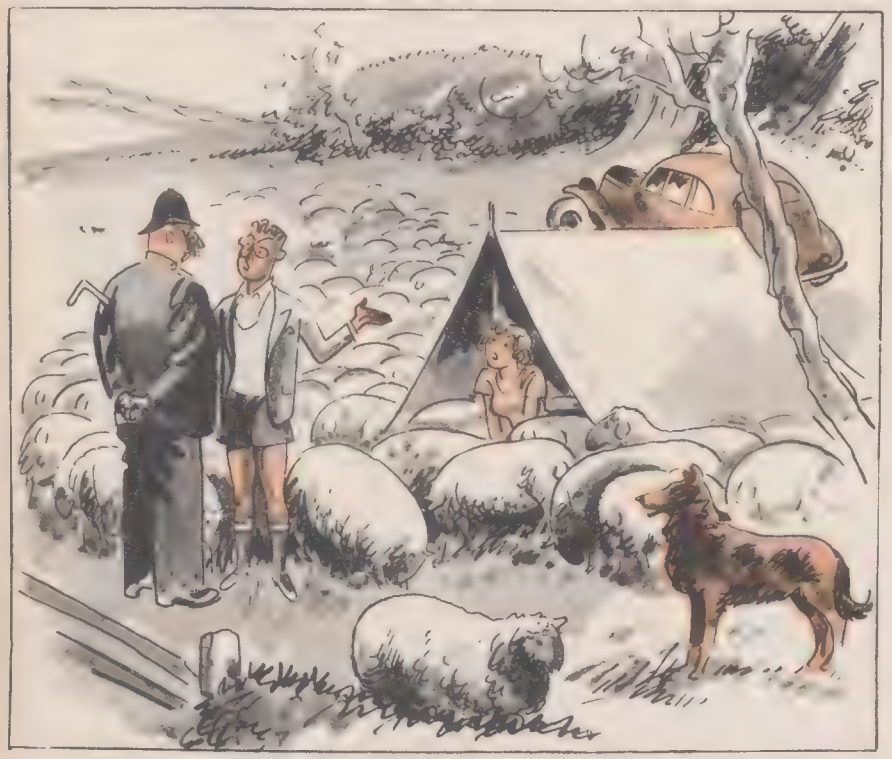
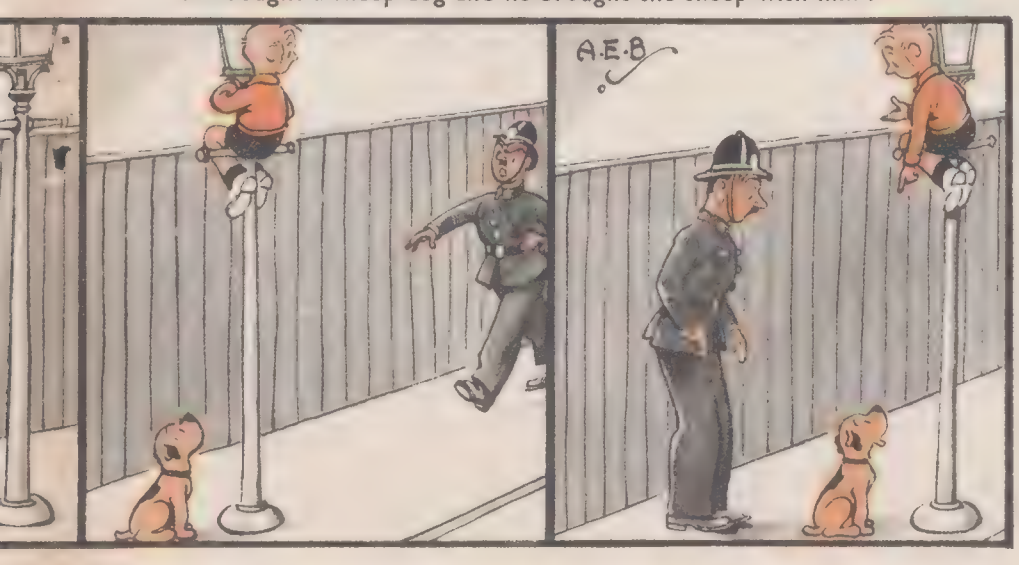


"We bought a sheep-dog and he brought the sheep with him !"



"Since he had that sign repainted, he digs it up every night and brings it indoors"

"This happens every time we get a job by the river"

A MAN AND A HOMER

By A. C. BARRETT

LAUGH WITH THE WORLD

"No, Mrs. Macstinger, four pounds a month is too much for the room—shall we say two pounds?"

"But letting rooms is such a hard living. Often a lodger leaves and does not pay his rent."

"Then it would be better for you to have me leave owing two pounds for a month's rent than owing four pounds."—*Koralle, Berlin.*

Restaurant Proprietor: "Our speciality is snails."

Client: "I know—last time I was here, one served me."—*Lustige Blätter, Berlin.*

Paulson ran his rattling old car into a motor bus. Paulson's brakes were by no means safe.

Conductor of bus: "I say, what do you use as brakes when there is no bus here?"—*Munchner Illustrierte, Munich.*

"Why are you so annoyed?"

"I had a pair of shoes and lost one so I threw the other away. Then I found the first one and threw that away because I hadn't the second and to-day I found the second."—*Koralle, Berlin.*

"Excuse me, sir, but you don't use chopsticks with the soup." *Sydney Bulletin.*

CAMEO STORY

By PETER FABRIZIUS

POTTED MONEY

EVEN in the train, before he reached Susak, Danilo had been told that it would be difficult to get a room in the town, on account of an exhibition being held there, which had attracted so many visitors as to fill all the hotels. He was, therefore, not particularly surprised when he was told at the first place he tried that there were no vacant rooms. Danilo, tired out by his journey, decided to try elsewhere, but as he turned to go out, a man who had evidently overheard the conversation with the clerk, stood in his way.

"It is difficult to find anywhere," said the stranger, who, judging from his dress, was a dock labourer, a seaman or something of that sort. "The town is filled to overflowing. If you can't get in any hotel, my humble room is at your disposal. My brother has gone away for a few days. . . . If you can put up with a simple wooden bed. . . ." Danilo found the humility a bit too exaggerated. He thanked the stranger and told him that he would try his luck in a few other hotels.

But the others were just the same. Further, Danilo was so tired after the third refusal, that he was quite relieved when, apparently accidentally, he met the stranger again.

"Well, did you find anything?"

"Unfortunately, no," answered Danilo dejectedly, "if your offer is still open——"

"Certainly," said the man, eagerly, "certainly."

"How much are you asking for the night?"

"Oh, I couldn't take anything! I am doing it as a favour to you," replied the other smiling, a little sinisterly—or so it seemed to Danilo. Favours in the Balkans had a habit of turning out to be rather expensive. However, he decided to accept and followed the man. He was led through the docks, round several corners until they came to a low and not very clean-looking house. The man's room adjoined the entrance passage. Danilo was shown into a small, but not unfriendly, room with two beds and a table covered by a not entirely dirty cloth, on which stood a large aloe plant in a red china pot. There was a box and a few chairs, but no washing utensils, but a tap was in the passage.

Danilo had no time for a long inspection. His eyelids were as heavy as lead and after having exchanged courtesies with his host he lay down on his bed. The stranger following his example.

Danilo wanted to go on to Dubrovnik the next day. The boat left at seven o'clock and he did not want to miss it. His restlessness may have been due to this cause, or it may have been suspicion. Whatever the reason, he awoke to hear a slight noise in the neighbourhood of his clothes which he had placed next to his bed. He half-opened his eyes. In the dim light of dawn he saw his "host" who had just removed the pocket-book from the coat, skilfully extract his wad of notes totalling 5,000 dinar, Danilo's complete supply of money. Then he carefully placed the pocket-book back into the coat, crept over to the aloe, picked it up by the stem and withdrew it, roots and all, from the china pot. He placed the wad of notes at the bottom and carefully replaced the plant. Then he woke Danilo.

"You must get up, sir," he said, in a friendly way, "otherwise you will miss the boat."

Danilo rubbed his eyes as though he had only just awakened. The man apparently made this his profession and therefore haunted the hotels. How many victims had there been before Danilo? Five thousand dinar for one night is a somewhat expensive favour, he thought. What should he do now? Call the police and miss the boat? Or should he, himself—one could never tell whether the man were armed or not. Probably he would offer resistance and in any case it would all take time.

Crept over to the aloe, picked it up by the stem and withdrew it, roots and all, from the china pot

"Would you be so good as to fill a jug of water for me, so that I may wash?" he said to the man, "I don't know where the water supply is."

His host left the room for a few moments. Danilo took the aloe from the pot, placed the wad of notes in his pocket and placed the plant back in its position. The whole matter did not take more than five seconds.

The *Presdolonaslednik Petar* is the best ship of the Jadranska Plovidba. Danilo stood at the rail and smilingly watched the towers of Susak fade away in the bright sunshine. He decided to celebrate the return of his pocket-book and ordered a bottle of Proseko from the steward. The latter wondered why Danilo took so long to pay. But Danilo was also wondering. For, however often he counted the wad of notes it always came to twelve thousand dinar.

WITHOUT MERCY

SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE
of two tradesmen who fought conscientiously to win a market

BY HEDLEY BARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY BERTRAM PRANCE

"Look at it !" cried Mr. Finck, pointing a scornful finger at the window opposite. "Tuppeny-ha'penny, that's what it is. Riff-raff"

THE war between Mr. Abel and Mr. Finck was instigated in the time-honoured way. The combatants, before actual skirmishing began. struck threatening attitudes, trumpeted forth abuse and exchanged curt notes. The war, taking place as it did in what may be termed the Savile Row of Ipstown, convulsed the entire street.

Be it said at the outset, that the war was none of Mr. Abel's making. Mr. Abel was a hatter, a peaceful, inoffensive hatter, who realised that healthy competition was the life-blood of trade. A fair field and no favours were all he wanted. He desired, earnestly, to be left alone to pursue his avocation of selling hats to deans and bishops and minor canons, with what he called a little pot-boiling by the way, to bolster up this higher trade. Unfortunately for the peace of Queen Street, Mr. Finck, over the way, had other notions. Mr. Finck was old established and late of Henry Holt (whose Bond Street hats were *created*); and, enjoying a very nice connection, fondly imagined that he was to enjoy it without let or hindrance until the end of his trading-days. And when Mr. Abel arrived and began pulling out the shop-front over the way, Mr. Finck's indignation was boundless. He had had the monopoly of the hat trade in Queen Street for thirty years and he considered this invasion a grave trespass.

His own shop-front was plain and dignified and he observed the new one, as it gradually took shape, with contempt, not unmixed with alarm. "I see," he said to his chief assistant, "we're to have chromium plate across the road. Such flashiness ! Cheap. Cheap and nasty."

When finally the shop-front was completed and Mr. Abel appeared therein to arrange his wares, Mr. Finck shook with rage. For Mr. Abel was violating every principle of Queen Street window-dressing.

For Queen Street, you must understand, served the ecclesiastics, doctors and solicitors of Ipstown; and its constant endeavour was to turn retail trade into a profession. In Mr. Finck's window, for instance, there reposed a single specimen of the Homburg, chastely captioned as *The Hat*, 37*s*. 6*d*. and richly presented against a background of draped, black velvet. Resting against the glass rod of its stand was a polished tablet of light oak, which announce that the Homburg in question was *de rigeur*. Imagine Mr. Finck's feelings, then, when there was announced in Mr. Abel's window a "snip line of George Rafts, 8s. 6d." That in itself was enough, but the crowning outrage was only now observed to be entering the window, with much tugging by Mr. Abel himself and a deal of shoving from an assistant, behind.

It proved to be a lay figure; the figure of a cowboy complete with whip and woolly trousers, with Colt .45 and silver spurs. Mr. Abel received it, posed it in a corner, arranged on its head a ten-gallon hat, and stood off to survey the effect with much satisfaction. He then pasted on the inside of the window an explanation, thus : "The ten-gallon hat. The demand for this will be small in Ipstown, but we shall be happy to supply one if needed. Meanwhile, it will be our constant aim to provide the stylish article at the right price. Please come in and examine our very representative stock. You will not be pressed to buy."

The street was drowsing in the heat of a summer afternoon when Mr. Abel stepped forth on to the pavement to admire his handiwork from outside. Mr Finck could contain himself no longer : he also stepped outside and raised his voice.

"Hi—you ! Why don't you have a waxworks and done with it? You and your snip lines at 8s. 6d."

Mr. Abel, stung, turned round. Billing, the tailor and Crash, the bootmaker, found this a convenient moment to pull down their sunblinds.

"Look at it !" cried Mr. Finck, pointing a scornful finger at the window opposite. "Tuppeny-ha'penny, that's what it is. Riff-raff. It's easy to see what class of trade *you've* been used to. George Rafts, indeed !"

"You go inside," taunted Mr. Abel, "and attend to your business while there's time. Maybe there'll be no business to attend to by the time I've finished with you. Put that in your pipe and smoke it."

"Impudence !" raged Mr. Finck, beside himself.

"On both sides," nodded Mr. Abel.

Mr. Finck must have had an inkling of what was going to happen, even though he found it incredible when it happened before his very eyes. With a jealous eye ever on the street, he saw first one and then another of his patrons entering the hated shop of Mr. Abel; for even a bishop may be enticed by a bargain. Furthermore, Mr. Abel's shop was invaded by an army of young men anxious to cut a dash in George Rafts at 8s. 6d. Mr. Abel's figures went up and up, whilst Mr. Finck's went down and down. Dignity and richness, it seemed, were about to suffer a knock-out blow. Mr. Finck watched, trembling, through the glass of his door. His feelings towards Mr. Abel were fast approaching the murderous.

One night, in late August, he was stationed, a prey to melancholy, in the usual place. His assistants had departed and he was about to lock up. He had experienced a day truly disastrous; not a single sale had been made, a thing unheard of in the annals of Queen Street trade. He was waiting for Mr. Abel to lock up and when he saw him at the door, his face was convulsed with hatred. There was no crime that he would not commit, no meanness that he would not perform, if only it would result in hurt to Mr. Abel. Unfortunately, crime brought punishment in its wake and Mr. Finck shrank from anything in the way of expiation. However, in the next moment he knew a thrill of excitement and delight. Here, at last, was his opportunity to wreak vengeance.

For he had seen something flash in the light of the near-by gas lamp, as it fell from Mr. Abel's pocket. It was the key of the door and the owner had not heard it fall because of the mat outside. Mr. Abel, whistling, walked briskly away. Mr. Finck, thinking, "I'll give him something to whistle about," hastily locked his own door, raked the street with a furtive eye and crossed the road. Save for a cat, sidling with arched tail, the street was empty. Mr. Finck turned the key in the lock and entered.

A sorry sight met the eyes of Mr. Abel the next morning. He rushed forth, much agitated, and called upon Mr. Billing and Mr. Crash to view his stock. And, much as they disapproved of his methods, they were moved to sympathy and indignation. For the shop presented a scene of ruin. Hats were flung into every corner, dozens of hats had been trampled on the floor and every hat had been slashed with a knife. Mr. Abel's stock was a total loss; for, though his policy provided against burglary and fire, it included no clause against savagery.

And then the telephone rang.

"Mr. Abel?"

"Yes."

"Take a tip from me. Clear out. This isn't the last time."

That was all. The voice was unfamiliar to him, but he knew very well that the voice was disguised.

Police? No. He would wait; bide his time.

The immediate result of this on Mr. Abel's trade was astounding. The folk of Ipstown are a kindly lot and they rallied round the victimised hatter like brothers. Mr. Finck was treated to the spectacle of what seemed like an entire male populace bent on buying hats—and not his hats. Trade dwindled to a frightening minimum. He brooded. He still had Mr. Abel's key, and he knew that the lock had not been changed. Hatred grew in him like a cancer. And, on a night when Ipstown, in a body, was hanging on the words of a famous politician, he stealthily closed Mr. Abel's door behind him.

He turned his attention first to the window, the blinds of which let in a dim light through the chinks at the corners. Mr. Finck's heart was galloping. His overwrought imagination was ready to see ghosts and, as a gigantic shadow moved in obedience to his marauding hands, he gave a violent start and was suddenly weak at the knees. "Fool," he said to himself and seized a hat, slashing it, tearing at it in a frenzy—another and another. Then, all at once, he stood rooted, terror-stricken, wide-eyed with horror as he saw, yet refused to believe. No, no, it couldn't be !

But it was. The ten-gallon hat was moving. The cowboy had come to life, as he fully realised when a powerful hand gripped him.

"Got you !" said Mr. Abel, triumphant.

The war was over.

Fingers like steel gripped me by the collar and lifted me high, as though I were a mere child. A short distance from me, I saw Thormanson dangling, helpless, in mid-air

WORLD WITHOUT TIME

BY W. J. PASSINGHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY T. GRAINGER JEFFREY

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

CAPTAIN JOHN BARLEY, grey-haired, grey-eyed, fifty, big in stature and wise in the way of the sea, is the first to realise that something has upset the balance of the world. He is in charge of the yacht *Solar Star* in which

JAMES HENRY WENDERBY, twenty-six-year old millionaire, sails for the South Pacific Islands in an attempt to forget his grief, caused by the death of his parents in a railroad accident. With him are

SAM KILLICK, a young journalist, who became friendly with Wenderby at the time of the crash,

"TINY" MILTON, school friend of Wenderby's whose gigantic stature is equalled only by the greatness of his good nature, and

DOCTOR GEORGE THORMANSON, envious cousin of the millionaire, whose brilliance as a scientist is outweighed by his pompousness. Bad weather spoils the trip and the yacht is heading back for New York when it is caught in a storm of such ferocity that not only are the ship's engines disabled but also the radio is put out of commission. As the storm passes, Barley realises something strange has happened to the world. He is still trying to get his bearings when a 'plane lands to the leeward of the ship. It is piloted by

SALLY ALTON, one of America's most photographed women, whose long distance flights with her secretary

NINA LENNOX, another beauty, have become legendary all over the world. They describe how, just before they took off, an earthquake caused a storm that swept the world and upset time. They had flown over the ocean, only to find their navigation instruments were useless. Meanwhile, the *Solar Star* drifts towards the Antarctic until eventually land is sighted. Wenderby and his companions go ashore to explore the strange world of shining glaciers and beetling crags and Thormanson, scrambling among the rocks, finds a gigantic slab of stone which swings back like a door when he touches it. They are on the threshold of a new world.

THORMANSON seemed to exert no great pressure in turning the logan-stone, an immense mass of solid rock, the weight of which was incalculable. The logan-stone turned on a hidden central pivot and, at right-angles to the face of the precipice, the movement ceased. Facing us now was a widening passage which we afterwards discovered to be the narrow end of a deep cave, shrouded in twilight and forming a passage through the mountain towering above us. For some time nobody spoke and when Tiny Milton broke the prolonged silence he startled everybody.

"What the hell is this supposed to be, George?" he demanded, plaintively. "Have you planted this Ali Baba business on us to——?"

"Don't act the fool now!" Thormanson snapped. "I'm as much in the dark as the rest of you, at the moment. Can't you understand how important this discovery may prove to be? Didn't they teach you anything at school?"

Tiny shook his head solemnly. "Now you're talking about the impossible, George, and as a doctor of science it doesn't become you. Now what does your profound learning make of it? Don't hold out on us poor mortals at a time like this."

"Just do a little thinking for yourselves," Thormanson chided. "Here we are inside the Antarctic Circle. We can be sure of that if only because of the lengthening days. Summer time is starting in this part of the world and we'll have perpetual daylight for six months on end. Now the point at which we've penetrated the ice-barrier is an unknown and unexplored part of the continent. An inlet has appeared in the ice because of internal forces probably released by an earthquake, and about which we know very little at the moment.

"The earthquake has not only interfered with time and the law of gravitation, but has also released heat from the earth's interior to melt away a passage into Antarctica. Furthermore, there's something about that inlet which suggests it was open to the outside world once before in the long, long ago. The road on which we're standing now—and it was a real and well-used road once—as well as this colossal logan-stone all point to the presence and the work of men. You can't account for it in any other way. For reasons I'm not ready to explain just yet, I must see where this passage through the mountain leads to. Are you coming?"

"We ought to let them know what's happening aboard the yacht first," Jimmy objected.

"You can go back if you like, of course," Thormanson conceded, "but I can't wait. I simply must take a look at the other end of this passage!"

Before anybody could answer or attempt to detain him, Thormanson was through the opening and inside the cave beyond it. We watched him go and then looked at each other, uncertainly.

"He can't get away with it like that," Tiny decided, and moved off to follow Thormanson. "We can always go back and warn the others," he added.

Jimmy Wenderby shrugged his shoulders and the next moment the three of us were on the other side of the logan-stone and walking quickly through the

cave. As we proceeded the light grew stronger until, at length, we were on the other side of the mountain in the open sunlight. Here the smooth surface of an ancient road stretched away before us over snow-covered ground—stretched straight and undulating far away into the blue distance. We found Thormanson leaning against the rock at the opening of the tunnel. He stood staring down the road like a man lost in thought, dreaming, and as we reached him he asked a queer question.

"Do you know what the ancient explorers—I mean the early voyagers round Cape Horn—called Antarctica? Long before Pierre Bouvet, Joseph Kerguelen and Captain Cook explored the southern continent a strange legend persisted among mariners the world over. They declared that far into the interior of Antarctica a civilisation existed, had flourished there since first the world began, and they called it *The Third*

World—on the assumption that the eastern and western hemispheres represented the first and second worlds.

"The legend is strengthened by a queer scientific fact. There are 'heat bands' radiating from the centre of the earth—waves of heat generated in molten rocks under terrific pressure far below the earth's surface. Moreover, the effects of these 'heat bands' may be observed on the earth's surface near the equator—in the great, shrivelled deserts of America and Africa, in vast tracts of steaming jungle, in the mysterious Gulf Stream that crosses the Atlantic from the Florida coast to warm the British Isles and vanish into the Arctic itself.

"It is claimed that such a 'heat band' runs due south from the equator, below the Antarctic Continent. Many notable scientists have speculated upon the possibilities of this subterranean heat, or energy, rising to the surface somewhere in the interior of Antarctica, and now. . . . Well, look at that volcano!"

Thormanson pointed to where, in the far distance, a heavy pall of smoke drifted high above a further range of mountains. We could distinguish a dull, red glow beneath the smoke even in the sunlight For the first time, too, I saw that with the mountain behind us and another facing us in the distance ahead, we were in a valley in which a blanket of ice and snow was rapidly melting away. It was as though a sleeper were awakening, throwing off an icy blanket under the spell of some new and mysterious influence.

Beyond doubt it was becoming warmer!

"Maybe the volcano has something to do with the opening of the old inlet through the ice-barrier," Jimmy said thoughtfully. "Who knows?"

"Who knows?" Thormanson agreed.

"I'd like to know what we're going to do next," Tiny Milton said. "Have you noticed a change in the weather?"

"Getting warmer," I replied, still watching Thormanson closely. "Let's do something. There's no harm in strolling down this old road for a mile or so."

"Mile or so?" Thormanson echoed. "I'm going on to the end of this road, if it's the last thing I do!"

There was a grim determination about him now not warranted in the circumstances and certainly not natural in George Thormanson. Yes, he was anxious to get away from us, looking about him like a bloodhound sniffing the trail. He was pre-occupied, barely aware of our presence, quite unlike himself. Hardly had we started to walk after him than the sound of feminine voices reached us from the cave. We looked round in time to see Sally and Nina emerge into the sunlight.

Tiny Milton sighed. "I've been expecting bad news for the last few minutes, Sam."

"Keep your peeper on Thormanson," I urged, softly, "and leave us to look after the ladies. Get going!"

While we waited for Sally and Nina to join us I watched George's progress with interest. He was still grubbing about in the mud at the side of the road from time to time, sifting the snow-covered earth through gloved fingers. Then the ladies were upon us and indignant at our attempt to leave them behind. I was expecting Thormanson to turn back at any moment and claim Sally Alton, but he did nothing of the kind—never gave us a backward glance, although he must have heard her voice.

Tiny Milton looked round at me, drooped a furtive eyelid and rolled on down the road after Thormanson. Jimmy Wenderby, happy to find himself alone with Sally for once, followed on after Tiny and I came on behind them with Nina. Soon we were fully occupied in rendering assistance to the ladies, for the surface of that ancient road became difficult—being still ice-bound at intervals. Our progress was slow but we all enjoyed it, for the warm sunshine and open spaces of snow-covered landscape on all sides formed a welcome change from the weeks we had spent watching a slate-grey sea.

I suppose we must have travelled thus for an hour, climbing over gaps in the wide road and talking about our experiences. When I happened to look down the road again Thormanson was nowhere in sight and Tiny Milton was standing quite still—waiting for us to meet him.

"Where's George got to?" Jimmy inquired, and I saw that once again his moodiness was gone in Sally Alton's company.

"Somewhere ahead," Tiny said, shortly, and making urgent signals at me.

While the party rested for a few minutes I managed to leave Jimmy alone with Sally and Nina and fall back to where Tiny was standing.

"What's happened now?" I whispered.

"Plenty!" he said. "You see that this road dips down out of sight before it goes on upward toward the mountain ahead, Sam?"

"Sure," I said. "It's plain enough. So what?"

"Thormanson has passed the dip," Tiny explained, slowly, impressively, "and he's started on his way up the slope. You'll see him moving about in a few minutes. He's so interested in mud and things at the moment that I don't think he saw it."

"Saw it?" I echoed impatiently. "Hey, come clean. Saw what?"

Never had I seen Tiny so shaken out of his usual calm and placidity, although there were future occasions in store about which I knew nothing then. Tiny breathed deeply, took a swift look round the party, and said:

"It would be easier for us if those girls went home, Sam. We're up against something I've never seen before—or you either, I'll swear! On the level, I'm not quite certain about what I've seen except that it seems to be tailing old George."

I was too flabbergasted to answer him for a few moments and then Jimmy came over. Alarm grew in his eyes as he noted Tiny Milton's expression, for the big fellow looked badly shaken. Something had frightened Tiny and that, in itself, wasn't an easy thing to do.

"What's the matter?" Jimmy asked, sharply.

Sally and Nina were showing signs of interest and looking our way now.

"Better get the two girls out of here—back to the ship, Jim!" Tiny hissed. "There's something moving ahead of us that don't look healthy to me."

"What on earth are you talking about?" Jimmy gasped. "You can't be drunk, Tiny, and I can see nothing to——"

"Yes, what's on your mind, Mr. Milton?" asked the cool voice of Sally Alton as she and Nina joined us.

"Tiny's seen something he doesn't like," Jimmy explained and grinned. "Tell us the rest, big boy."

"There may be danger," Tiny said, solemnly. "If you and Miss and Lennox would go back through the cave and close that swinging stone——"

"Danger, eh!" said Sally and, to the consternation of us all, she drew a small automatic pistol from the capacious pocket of her leather coat. "Show me, mister."

The sight of that weapon seemed to calm Tiny and he smiled—wide and slow. "Put that thing away before a cop sees it," he advised. "If that's how you feel about things we'll stroll on down the road and see what happens. Maybe we won't all see the same thing. Come on."

So we all walked on down the road until we could see the whole scene beyond the dip, and then suddenly we all stood very still. There was a dead silence among us until I heard Jimmy Wenderby breathe deeply.

"What—what is it?" he wondered.

Tiny sighed in relief. "And I thought I must be drunk!" he said, grimly. "Now take a good look, Sam. Is it a man or a woman?"

I was too astounded to answer his question. Even now, I find it difficult to describe my impression of what proved to be our first meeting with an inhabitant of *The Third World*. Have you seen what are called "slow motion" pictures? Well, what I saw at that moment was much the same thing—only slower. I saw a human figure, about seven feet tall, enveloped in a loose, grey, furry robe, stepping out—at least, making all the motions of stepping out—across moss-covered, rocky ground toward the road. There were long, calculated strides, taken very slowly so that, for the most part, the figure was nicely balanced on one foot. Between each stride there were long, long pauses as though the traveller couldn't quite make up his mind about them.

And what we all stared at in breathless silence was a giant, or giantess, big in every way, and one of the most remarkable features about this amazing person was a lustrous growth of long, pure white hair—white as snow—falling over massive shoulders.

The longer I stared, the more graceful became this astonishing "slow motion" travel. Every movement was extraordinarily slow, so slow as to try the nerves of those watching it for the first time. Yet gradually you could perceive that the movements were perfectly timed, precisely executed, rhythmical—and also in harmony with this strange creature's huge proportions. The longer one studied these movements—which I imagine were next in order to sheer immobility—the more impressive, the more dignified they became, until there was a suggestion of regality about it all.

There was, in fact—and I remember that this last thought came in the nature of a shock—an utter disregard for that dimension we of the modern world prize so highly and call Time. My thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a determined movement among us as Tiny Milton moved on down the road.

"Steady, Tiny!" I warned him. "We don't know where we stand with that speed merchant yet and——"

"Shucks!" he snapped. "If that guy out there is doing his best we've nothing to fear. I shall catch cold watching him! Besides, I must see George's face when he turns round and sees what's chasing him."

With that he walked away down the road to intercept the big stranger approaching it so very slowly. And Tiny Milton—the laziest, the slowest, most casual cuss I've ever known—was a veritable racing machine compared with the strange being which seemed hardly to move at all as it made for the road.

By this time, I was sure it must be a male. There were bulging muscles on the bare legs below the hem of the grey robe, the ripple of great sinews as he moved on his slow, stately way which could not be associated with a woman. That's what I thought at the time. What I did not know was that the era of surprises had only just dawned for all of us from the outer world. Leaving Jimmy Wenderby standing transfixed, like a man in a dream, with Sally and Nina, I went on down the road after Tiny and came up with him just as the tall one turned to face us squarely.

The giant paused in his long stride, stood perfectly still—nicely balanced on one foot like a great statue, for quite an appreciable length of time. Then the sandalled foot, so gracefully poised in mid-air, began slowly to descend. When, after a while, the foot rested on the ground, the big head began to turn very, very slowly until at long last we were face to face.

Just how long that giant was occupied in pulling himself to a standstill and in turning his head to look at us I cannot tell. In any case, you wouldn't believe me. It was a long time—long enough to give me a touch of the jitters, anyway. But when, finally, we were all set and ready to look at each other I had a shock I know I'll never forget to my dying day. At first I was conscious of two, big blue eyes regarding me fixedly. I could see in those wide eyes amazement becoming consternation, and then——

I want to drive home my first experience of these wonderful people right away, because I can safely swear that there are no others like them throughout the whole of God's good earth. Let me confess at once that they have changed my whole outlook on life, made me realise something that is fundamental, concerning that many-sided, overwhelming, soul-shattering thing we so glibly call Truth.

More than a year has passed since that unforgetable moment, but still I sometimes dream of those big, blue eyes regarding me in open wonder. For after the first shock had passed I began to see queer things mirrored in them, to feel rising within me emotions buried deep beneath a load of junk we are pleased to call worldly wisdom. I saw compassion, a gentleness and an innocence that shocked me to the depths, so that I faced this being as one hypnotised by an immaculate purity far beyond my understanding. There was an utter calm, a serenity and a wisdom so profound in those wonderful eyes that my shame and remorse became an agonising pain.

Do you remember when you were quite small, and the father you loved and admired found you out in a mean action—when your eyes could not meet the reproachful gaze of the one with whom you wanted to stand so well? I guess that's about how I felt just then. Utterly ashamed!

The face itself had a beauty outlined by something that came from within, from the mind—as though the thoughts and emotions had an outward expression which shaped and gave light to features already well formed. It was a pale face and somehow in keeping with the long, straight hair. Everything was proportionate about this person—except perhaps the feet, which were large even for a giant. This was a face you could not quite make up your mind about at first sight.

In the first place, a complete absence of wrinkles enhanced its beauty and destroyed all suggestion of age. Only the deep wisdom in the expressive eyes indicated the passage of time. I looked into a countenance calm, smooth, with the eyes fringed by white brows and lashes and, at first, it seemed to be inscrutable and almost expressionless. Then came that light from within, the lamp of the mind to reveal a purity—an utter selflessness you could hardly credit in a mere human. If I came to any decision at all just then it was the conviction of being face to face with a nobility of character far beyond my conception.

These were my first impressions and, fundamentally, they never changed—although there is much more to add which

(*please turn over*)

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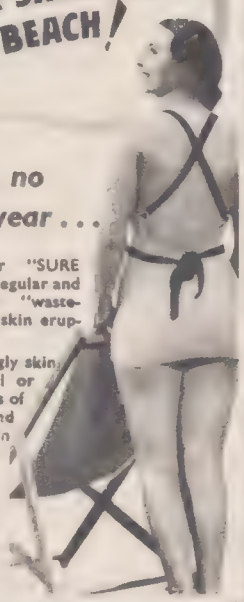

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will find its place here in due course.

When I made a move towards him I saw an expression of bewilderment on the giant's pale face, and I hesitated—wondering at the cause. A similar action on Tiny Milton's part brought the same result, and then I saw that our speed of movement was the cause of alarm. Understand that despite his great size and suggestion of enormous strength, there was so much about the giant to reassure us that we did not fear him. Rather, I thought, did he fear us. So I spoke as encouragingly as I could.

"Excuse me," I said, "but do you happen to speak English?"

"Otherwise we're sunk!" Tiny added.

Now things began to happen. I saw both fear and amazement in the giant's eyes as we spoke to him. He began to tilt his head backward so slowly that I wondered what was going to happen next. Then the lips moved, shaped themselves very gradually—and at last sound issued from them—the queerest sound I've ever heard from one of my own species. It began softly, musically, in a low, long-drawn sigh that grew in volume until I heard something like the sough of the wind in odd corners of an old house.

"O-o-o-o-o-o-o-o . . . ." And so on.

Tiny looked at me with the makings of a grin, but I feared giving anything in the way of offence to this strange creature.

". . . o-o-o-o-o-o . . . the big fellow sang on.

Came a sudden change, a sharper sound in a succession of vowels. The first consonant came like this:

". . . o-o-o-o-oool. . . ."

For a few moments the consonant "l" held out and then came the ". . . O-o-o-o-o" again until I lost all idea of making sense. In that moment the succession of vowels ended abruptly on another consonant. I was in the dark completely, but Tiny had it fixed.

"O-o-o-o-l-o-o-o-m," he mouthed, and to our relief we both recognised the light of understanding in the giant's eyes.

"Ooloom?" I questioned Tiny.

"That's right," he said, "but don't bite it off like that. Get a real mouthful of it, Sam. Plenty of time in this place. These guys don't like conversation chucked at 'em. Make a meal of it. O-o-o-l-o-o-o-m! Get the idea? Look! He's tickled to death already because we found him out first time. O-o-o-l-o-o-m, and a lot of it!"

Tiny nodded cheerfully, bobbed up and down on his toes, and smiled his big, lazy smile. I was amazed at the impression he made on the big fellow. The great, white head went slowly backward, the folds of pale flesh creased slowly into the biggest, the most contented smile I've ever seen—a smile that made you feel good all through.

Then came the climax. This huge fellow bowed his head, went gradually—very gradually—down on one knee and sought for Tiny Milton's hand. I think Tony was too surprised to deny him. Anyway, he lifted Tiny's hand and kissed it!

At that moment I heard strangled noises behind me. "Sam!" said the agonised voice of Jimmy Wenderby. "What the hell's going on here?"

"We've found one of the nicest fellows I've ever met, Jimmy," I said. "Let me introduce you to Ooloom. This is——"

"Ooloom nothing!" exclaimed Tiny, in disgust. "That's not his name. Ooloom is the name of the country. We'll settle that argument right away."

It took a long time, of course, but the point was settled beyond question. The big fellow watched Tiny's gestures, and replied with an all-embracing swing of his great arms. Then he began to croon the "o-o-o-o-o" chorus all over again.

It was Ooloom right enough and we decided to leave it at that.

"You know," whispered Sally Alton, thoughtfully. "I like him. I do, really! If only he were quicker on the uptake . . ." She paused and shook her head doubtfully.

"I like his hair," Nina added, "and that fur cloak. Lovely eyes, too."

I lost the run of this conversation in watching Tiny's further efforts with the big stranger. Tiny beckoned me over to speed things up a bit, but we wasted our time. The idea was to discover the big fellow's name, and Tiny began by pointing to himself and saying: "Ti-i-i-n-e-e-e." Then he pointed to me, and made a noise beginning with "S" that sounded like a flock of sheep in springtime.

"S-a-a-a-a-a-m," it went.

The big fellow saw the idea, for he pointed at me and sang about "S-a-a-a-a-m" until I was ashamed of my own name. Then he pointed to himself and things became interesting. He began with the usual vowel sounds.

"E-e-e-e-e-e . . ." this time. He went on indefinitely, with Tiny watching him like a cat watches a mouse. We got all of it at last.

"Eenoon," Tiny announced at the end of the performance.

"Look here," I said, quietly. "We've spent a lot of time here, and I feel like lunch."

"Time!" he said pensively. "What's the time now, I wonder? Take a look at Eenoon here, and tell me the number of his years. I'll swear there is and never has been such a thing as time in his young life. It has no meaning except in our own greedy world outside these mountains.

"In our world time has developed into a measurement of opportunities for acquiring money. The workman must keep time to satisfy his employer and the employer wants time to carry out his contracts. Thus time is the master of us all and we are slaves to something that has no real existence outside our own imagination. In the beginning Dawn, Noon and Sunset were good enough to guide the lives of mankind. Now time haunts us from our cradle, measuring out our tasks and making a yardstick to the very grave. Why?"

"I'd like to answer that question later on, Tiny," I said grimly. "While you've been airing your philosophy George Thormanson has got clean away with whatever he has on hand. He's holding out on us, Tiny, and, knowing George, it must be something important to set him alight. I'm going after Thormanson. What do you say, Jimmy?"

Jimmy agreed and so I set off alone down the road that ended somewhere ahead at the foot of a mountain. The light had a wavering quality, caused, I think, by so much reflection from the ice-barriers surrounding this valley. I thought I had a long way to go to reach what was hidden in the blue distance and was greatly mistaken. As I walked on down the road the scene on either side changed, and soon I was able to see the true nature of this strange country.

It was a green landscape, green with the close growth of coarse moss and short thick grasses which grew in large patches. As I breasted the rising ground I noticed the blue, wavering haze vanishing and was able to discern a ridge of rocks no more than ten feet in height. This ridge formed a screen to hide the whole view on that side of the road.

And here a queer instinct urged me to leave the road and investigate that screen of rocks no more than a hundred yards away. For one thing, there were no signs of Thormanson on the road ahead. It was well that I obeyed the urge, for the first thing that caught my eye was a fluttering patch of white material held by a tussock of coarse grass. I picked up a handkerchief marked "G.T." and at that same moment came the staccato explosion of a gun fired from the other side of the rocks. I broke into a run, slipping and sliding over treacherous ground until at last I rounded that high ridge and came upon a strange scene.

The central figure was George Thormanson, standing as a man at bay, his back to the rocks. Facing him like statues in a semi-circle, were four white-haired giants! Sitting on the ground was a fifth giant, holding up a hand from which blood was streaming down wrist and forearm—and the bewilderment in his big eyes at this injury was pitiful to witness.

"You dirty swine!" I shouted to Thormanson, as I ran on to the big fellow nursing his hand.

As I ran I shook out the handkerchief I had found, and quickly bound it round the great hand. When I had tied a knot and could do no more at the moment, I turned and ran across to Thormanson.

"I always knew you were something lower than a snake," I growled, tearing the revolver from his hand.

Then I punched him on the jaw with every ounce of weight I could put into it. Thormanson went down heavily, but I must say in his favour that he didn't stay there. He came up after me like a tiger, both hands at work. As he came on I drove a left to his head, and a following right knocked him down again. When he rose unsteadily to his feet I caught him by the throat with both hands and shook with all the strength I could put into it.

"I'll have your damned life for this later on, Killick!" he croaked, when I released him. "What I may choose to do is none of your business."

"No?" I roared and, measuring my distance, knocked him down again. "Now tell me what you've been crawling about this place for, ever since we left the ship?"

As he raised himself from the ground I saw that one hand remained tightly clenched and I deliberately trod on it. From between his fingers rolled something like a small marble. We both pounced on it together, were fighting for possession when fingers like steel gripped me by the collar and lifted me high as though I were a mere child. A short distance away from me I saw Thormanson dangling helpless in mid-air, suspended from a huge hand. Then we were set apart, gently, on our feet.

A white-haired giant bent over Thormanson, took his hand and placed therein a stone that blazed blue fire in the sunlight. I stared into the giant's face, with its gentle, chiding smile, at the small glass marble—and at last grasped Thormanson's secret.

For the gift George Thormanson received after his unpardonable outrage, was the largest diamond I had ever seen!

NEXT WEEK

The Mirror of Truth

By BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

OLD BILL AND BERT

A King Borrows £1 from a Journalist

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Solution of the Jewish Problem?
Should Abyssinia be thrown open for millions of persecuted Jews in Nazi Germany and other countries?

"Land of the Dead" is Much Alive
Modernity has penetrated the ancient land of Egypt and even the Bedouins of the desert go about in high-powered cars.

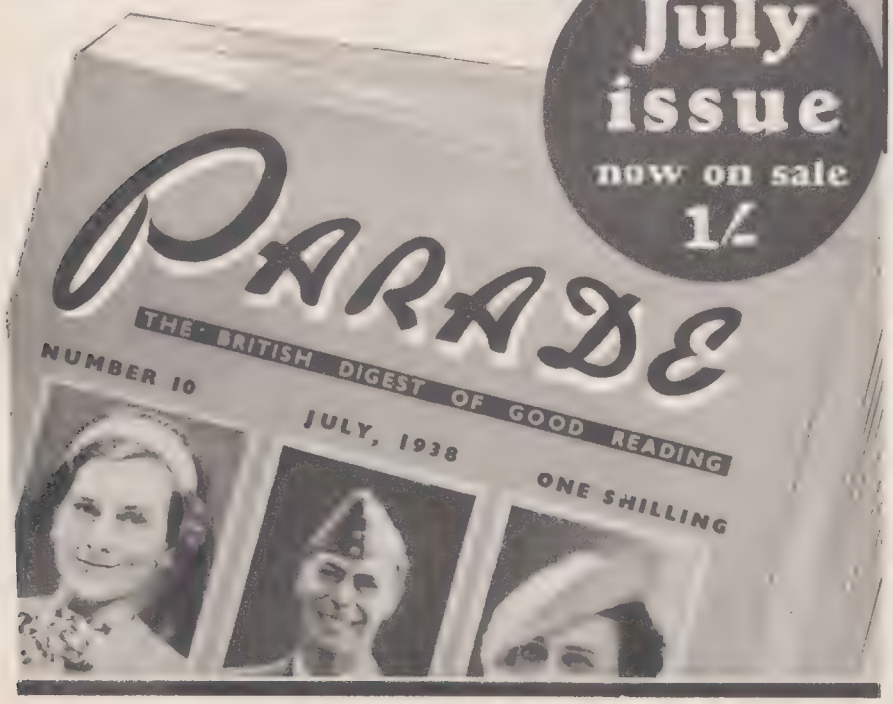
War Lessons from China and Spain
in which the writer affirms that war is not a science but an art . . . "the great and awful art of 'harmonising the thrumming instruments of battle into a tremendous symphony of power.'"

Harem Secrets
The exotic and sinister harem of the Turkish Sultans has for centuries been steeped in mystery. Now recent researches have brought to light amazing facts.

Nazidom's Soldiers
—the strength and weaknesses of Germany's armed forces as seen by a French military expert.

What Happens When We Die?
A man who was "dead" for five minutes said afterwards: Suddenly everything cleared and I was filled with great content." This article although sometimes grim proves that "dying is not so bad after all."

OTHER articles to make you *think*, are: *"Cure for Unhappy Marriages"*—*"Yes Men"*—human sheep who slavishly agree with other people's views—*"Justice for Women!"* which seeks to prove that intellectually women are men's equals. *"Leavine it to Nature"* . . . *"Dishonest Amateurs"*. *"The Bee in the B.B.C."*



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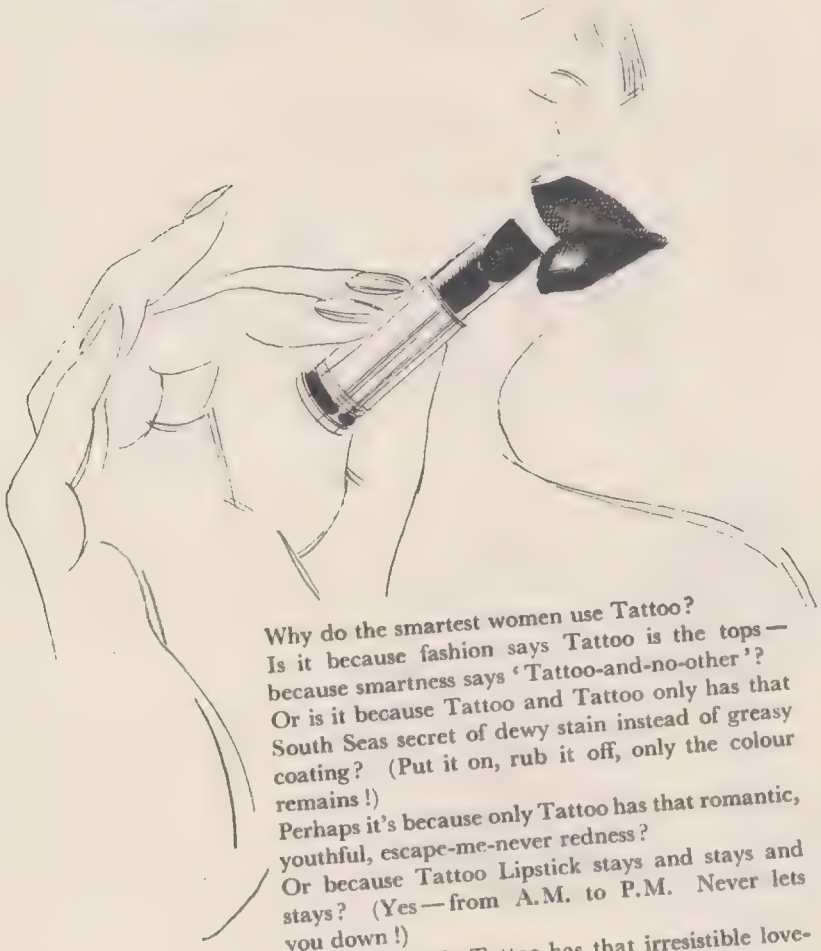
only Tattoo knows the answer!



Why do the smartest women use Tattoo?
Is it because fashion says Tattoo is the tops—because smartness says 'Tattoo-and-no-other'?
Or is it because Tattoo and Tattoo only has that South Seas secret of dewy stain instead of greasy coating? (Put it on, rub it off, only the colour remains!)
Perhaps it's because only Tattoo has that romantic, youthful, escape-me-never redness?
Or because Tattoo Lipstick stays and stays and stays? (Yes—from A.M. to P.M. Never lets you down!)
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VIRGINIA HALL'S PAGE

Tantamount to Sunshine

BEHIND the great historical pageant opening in Birmingham next week, there is a woman with such indomitable courage that she has come through all manner of trials and tribulations without a murmur and now thinks nothing of directing thousands of performers.

Pageant Master seems a strange occupation for a woman. Yet Gwen Lally directs thousands of performers with uncanny skill and vitality.

During recent years she has produced more large pageants than probably anyone else in the country: Warwick, Tewkesbury, Battle Abbey, Runnymede, and the recent Historical Ice Festival at Earl's Court have all been her work.

So you can imagine my surprise when I heard that really she shouldn't be directing pageants at all, for twenty years ago she broke her neck and was given up for dead by her doctors!

"For three months I lay in bed with a 12 lb. weight attached to my neck, looking at the ceiling, with the doctors waiting for me to die, but I fooled 'em," she said, with an almost malicious grin.

Suddenly a few worried pageant officials dashed in to interrupt our little talk. Miss Lally solved their difficulties with a few telling words and continued:

"And if anyone says a woman with a broken neck can't work, let them come and try to produce this Pageant of Birmingham. I've got anything up to 8,000 performers to handle and about 12,000 properties, in this show.

"We're staging the Battle of Crécy with more than a thousand soldiers, and if they don't know how to fight realistically, I'll soon show 'em," she threatened. Then as an afterthought she added, "I broke a couple of ribs once demonstrating to a crowd how to riot realistically."

★ Full of enthusiasm for her great task and delighted with the fact that the king and queen are to see a performance of the pageant, she went on explaining how, for one episode, prehistoric monsters, fifty feet long and fifteen feet high, were being made, and for another, the most amazing collection of old coaches, hansom cabs and carriages was being amassed.

Then, just as she was about to dash off to another rehearsal—a small one, she

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SOUND, as most people know, consists of vibrations which are transmitted through the air and picked up by the marvellous mechanism of the ear.

For many years Mr. R. H. Dent, M.Inst.P.I., has been famous for his research into methods by which the ear and brain may be helped. The "Ardente" method has achieved remarkable success in conquering deafness; and all sufferers should write at once for details of the "ARDENTE" method FREE HOME TEST together with a special offer to readers of "Passing Show." Write at once to R. H. Dent, M.Inst.P.I., "ARDENTE" for DEAF EARS, 309 Oxford Street, London, W.1.

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Buy it at your Chemists or Beauty Parlour, if any difficulty send 2s. to:

McKESSON & ROBBINS, LTD. (Dept. BA),

Eagle House, Cannon Street, London, E.C.4, and a generous boudoir size jar will be sent you post free

insisted, with only a mere 300 performers, she shouted: "And don't forget I've got a fractured skull." Tough, huh?

★ Her name is Betty and she is a real milk-and-roses blonde. I remember being away at the sea for a week-end last year when she was one of the party.

Poor Betty, she wasn't a bit happy in the sun for she didn't like the heat and she said she didn't tan a nice, golden brown for *ages*. Then it faded quickly, leaving her rather "dirty" looking.

Imagine my surprise when I saw her this week, looking simply marvellous in a pure white matt-surface crêpe evening dress, her hair golden and shiny and her face, back and arms the most glorious tan ever.

She looked as though she had just returned from the Riviera, but when I asked her how Nice was looking, she said, "Nice, I haven't been near the place. I'm not going for my holiday until September and then I'm going to Scotland. No chance of getting sunburned there!"

No, her complexion was all put on. But honestly, if she hadn't told me I wouldn't have suspected it—and I'm naturally a bit suspicious of complexions! She's just bought herself this lovely, white evening dress and had thought how much nicer she would have looked if she'd been sun-tanned. So she tried some special bronzing lotion. It certainly was a success, for Betty was the centre of all eyes.

This bronzing lotion seems to be marvellous stuff. It gives a most beautiful even, natural-looking sun-brown. You just apply it with cotton wool and allow it to dry and repeat the process until you're just as brown as you want to be. And it's waterproof, so you can even fool your friends on the beach and maybe drop a tear or two at the cinema without the fear of coming out into the daylight with white tear-tracks down your cheeks.

When you want details please write to me, marking your envelopes "Riviera."

★ There seems an awful lot to be done in the garden just now. Apart from all the other jobs there is the watering. For everything seems to be needing water.

Anyway, this is the time for increasing your plants. Pinks can be multiplied by planting cuttings, which are short pieces pulled out at a joint. You can also take cuttings of all the early spring flowering border and rock plants, such as aubrietia. Pull pieces off and insert in sand. They will root easily if kept moist and out of strong sunshine.

Now is the time, too, to think of a second crop of flowers. If you pull the faded blooms from perennial flowers such as phloxes and delphiniums they will reward you for your care by blooming again. Pull your sweet peas just as quickly as you can, for the more you pull the more you will have.

I'm always pleased to hear of a dish that can be made quickly. Here's one for cakes which can really be made while you're waiting for the kettle to boil.

Put a basin over a saucepan of boiling water and keep it just on the boil. Into the basin put a small knob of butter, one bar of plain chocolate and one bar of milk chocolate, which will melt in a few minutes. Into this stir a third of a packet of rice crispies or corn flakes. Now put a spoonful of this mixture into some little paper cake containers. There should be enough for fifteen little cakes from the above ingredients. Leave them to cool. That's all. Now you can infuse your tea and serve your cakes.

★ You will have noticed the popular brassière trend in evening and day dresses just now. I mean the type of dress in which the skirt, in front, comes right up over the diaphragm into a point and the bodice is gathered into that point over the bust.

It's an attractive line and becoming to most figures. But please don't think that because there are those pleats in the bodice you can all throw aside your brassières. You simply can't. Indeed, your need is all the greater, for with those new frocks you must have a good line.

I know of a special brassière, specially cut to give correct tension of control and uplift where it is most needed. These brassières, cut on scientific principles, are far more comfortable to wear, too. There's no tightness or pulling.

The makers have recently put on the market a cheaper model cut on exactly the same lines as the more expensive types, but it is made of mercerised lawn. And what could be better than this material, for it washes beautifully and is cool for summer wear. This cheaper model costs only 2s. 11d.

I can have one sent to you by return, post free. Just write, enclosing a postal order for 2s. 11d. (be sure you cross it "& Co.") marking envelopes "Uplift."

★ Evidently Mussolini doesn't think that anyone should make fun of his national spaghetti. In the film of *The Adventures of Marco Polo*, in which Gary Cooper stars, there is a comedy sequence in which Cooper, H. B. Warner and Ernest Truex all fumble with the food in a scene recreating the discovery of spaghetti by Marco Polo in thirteenth century China.

Now it seems that an Italian edict prohibits the use of spaghetti in any comic scene, so the director of the film had to settle on a compromise which wouldn't endanger the showing of the picture in Italy.

"We'll make another 'take' for the Italians," he said, "and this time be sure to call it noodles!"

If you are interested in any of the things mentioned in these pages, please write to Virginia Hall, c/o "The Passing Show," 92 Long Acre, W.C.2, for she is very willing to help in such matters

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Concluding

THEY SAILED FOR SENEGAL

BY WILSON MACARTHUR

ILLUSTRATED BY W. SMITHSON BROADHEAD

KARNET quartered the desert for eight days without discovering any trace of the missing soldiers. Actually, they returned to the seashore after the unhappy divagation to the Moorish village that had prevented their being found by the cruising brig, and they had no sooner reached the dunes than they were surrounded by a small army of brigands, bristling with weapons.

The caravan was ordered to halt.

The newcomers split up into two detachments, one of which cut out the soldiers from their guards, who had undertaken, in return for being shown the wreck, to lead the column to St. Louis. The other detachment hurled itself on the guards.

There was a short, savage struggle. But the newcomers had the advantage of numbers and the desperation of abject poverty, and in a few minutes d'Anglas' guards were routed, and their venerable sheikh captured and tied up.

In the twinkling of an eye his magnificent beard and his hair were shaved off and he was chased, amid a terrific uproar, along the sand. He disappeared, with his disgruntled henchmen, and was seen no more.

The victors did not delay in letting it be seen that they intended to enjoy the fruits of victory. The wretched soldiers discovered that they were now the slaves of a very different type of master. The sheikh, Achmet, led them forcibly to his camp, a collection of huts where the women and children were occupied, for the moment, in looking after the flocks.

The women and children, however, found the captives much more entertaining. They swarmed round them, watching while they were put to work, loading and unloading camels, gathering grass, tending the livestock. Achmet did not believe in wasting good food; for his new slaves, raw crabs, roots and a little foul-smelling, putrid water to drink. No sleep, of course, for whenever they tried to sleep the women and children had their turn.

They pinched them until blood flowed, pulled their hair out by the roots, threw sand on their wounds. More or less naked, the men were covered with callouses and boils and sores, which should have been dressed immediately in seawater. They writhed in agony as the sand was rubbed in and a dozen fresh tortures devised, which they had not the strength to resist. Moorish women have a pretty wit in inventing new variants of this most delectable of all pastimes.

For three days they remained thus, prisoners, slaves. It appeared that their captors intended to keep them indefinitely —or until they died of their sufferings. But finally Achmet remembered them, and sent for d'Anglas. Perhaps he had heard rumours of the close approach of the brig, or feared a punitive expedition, or knew that Karnet was on the move. Rumour travels fast in the desert.

At any rate, he sat in state in his tent, smoking a long pipe, and received the lieutenant with a certain grave politeness.

"Frenchman," he said slowly, "what will you promise me if I take you to the Senegal?"

"Anything!" d'Anglas replied, promptly.

"Yes, but what?"

The lieutenant did not hesitate. He was far too desperate.

"Whatever you want. And more than that!"

Achmet nodded, still gravely, and finally announced himself satisfied.

"We shall leave this very evening," he said, and ordered food to be distributed, since patently the men could not march in their present condition—ten large fish, with two glasses of sweet water to each man.

They set off. They tramped far into the night; they slept; they awoke and tramped on. Suddenly there was a hoarse shout, and shaking arms pointed seawards. There, far out but clearly visible, was a ship—the *Argus*, sent surely to look for them! They rushed pell-mell down to the shore, shouting and waving to attract the brig's attention. But she continued on her way, unnoticing, and finally disappeared from sight.

For two days thereafter, the soldiers continued their march. The water they found in the desert was not fit to drink; as a substitute, they had camel's milk—a beverage of doubtful flavour but preferable to the water. Then some strangers appeared, mounted on fast camels—a white man and several Moors. They hurried up to the straggling column, and the Irishman, his heart wrung at sight of them, wasted no time in parleying with their guides.

He immediately set about supplying food and drink and clothes and ointments, and only then turned to d'Anglas and, fumbling in his burroose, produced a letter. It was to d'Anglas from Espiaux, saying "the gentleman who will give you this letter is an English officer, whose great and generous heart prompts him to expose himself to all the discomforts and dangers of a journey towards the place where you were put ashore, to bring you all possible alleviation of your sufferings; he knows perfectly the country and the language current there; entrust yourself, therefore, entirely to his guidance and follow carefully all the advice that he will give you; I am convinced that this is the surest means of getting you safely to Fort St. Louis."

While they were halted and enjoying the welcome attentions of the Irishman, a very happy chance brought the brig once more in sight. Karnet ordered some shots to be fired to attract her attention and the *Argus* approached and sent ashore a barrel of biscuits and one of spirits. In the evening, the entire party feasted.

Karnet procured meat and saw to it that it was properly cooked and distributed. The adjutant Petit superintended the preparation of this feast, and succeeded in restraining the famished men until it was perfectly done.

Unfortunately, such a meal after so many days of famine had its immediate effects. Several of the men became lightheaded, others thought themselves children again and had to be soothed by the Irishman, with presents of sugar and little American rolls. One Italian soldier had gorged himself to such an extent that his stomach swelled terribly and he was unable to move. He was dragged aside into the shade and expired during the night.

A young Moor, excellently mounted, was sent off to St. Louis with a letter urging the immediate dispatch of mounts to transport the exhausted men; and d'Anglas, accompanied by a guide, Abdallah, followed on camel-back to prepare the reception of the troops.

The column came up with the convoy of mounts a day's journey from the Senegal River.

Eventually d'Anglas reached Guetandar, a village on the bank of the River; almost naked, his skin burnt black, his cheeks hollow and his eyes sunk in his head, he reached the town in a pirogue and, followed by Abdallah, presented himself to M. Schmaltz, who had settled in very comfortably with M. Durécu, a local French resident.

Durécu was horrified at his appearance and hurried off to fetch clean clothes,

Suddenly he came upon a creature, filthy, with matted hair and beard, a bundle of skin and bone

razor, everything the lieutenant could want. A little while after d'Anglas reappeared, completely changed—rested, shaved, brushed, decently clad and once more civilised; and thereupon he told the story of that terrible journey.

What M. Schmaltz thought about it he did not care to divulge. Perhaps his chief emotion was thankfulness that he had had the wisdom not to carry out his first intention of forming a column to march to St. Louis. It had been so much more sensible to sail the whole way in the boats!

Lieut.-Col. Thomas Brereton,* the English commander of St. Louis, who was waiting to hand over the post to the French, was deeply shocked by all this.

As more details of the disaster of the *Medusa* filtered in, each producing fresh evidence of the incredible behaviour of her commander and his chief passenger, the British governor's temper rose steadily to boiling point.

"Damn it, sir!" he cried to his aide. "I can't have these scoundrels remaining here. From all I can gather, they are a pack of the most unconscionable ruffians unhung! I shall require instructions."

He echoed the opinion of the fort. De Chaumareys had behaved in a manner that put him quite beyond the pale and Schmaltz was little better. He seemed to have no appreciation of the situation, of the horrors of it, of the immense total of human misery and tragedy that had been brought about directly through de Chaumarys's incompetence and his subsequent gross dereliction of duty, in which the governor had not merely abetted him but appeared to have been the prime instigator.

"I cannot hand this Colony over to fellows like these," Brereton declared. "It is preposterous. I must consult my superiors."

The total number of people who had reached St. Louis from the frigate by July 12 reached only one hundred and twenty-seven, in which number not a single soldier was included. There could be no question of handing over an important military post to a rabble of this kind, especially when one considered that the majority of them were unfit for any kind of active service. What was to happen if trouble broke out among the natives, or if the Moors took to raiding?

Brereton therefore decided to talk to Colonel Schmaltz.

He had seen to it that his successor was comfortably installed with his wife and daughters, at the house of the amiable and kindly M. Durécu; he had taken every possible step to rescue as many as possible of the frigate's people; he was doing everything within human power to secure the comfort and health of those who had been rescued, nearly all of whom stood in dire need of medical treatment. But he could not allow the official party to remain indefinitely at the fort.

He interviewed Schmaltz.

"I have no orders," he said, bluntly, "for handing over the Colony to you. In the present circumstances, sir, all I can do is to refer to my Governor General, Lord MacCarthy, at Sierra Leone. In about a month we shall have it all settled, but even if he corroborates your statements I shall not be able to leave St. Louis for some time, as I have not sufficient ships to transport my people and equipment."

Schmaltz was dismayed. Now that he was here, he wanted no delay in assuming control, and commencing the exercise of his high office. He wanted to be rid of the British. He had been given more then an inkling of their opinion of what had happened.

"But I shall put a ship at your disposal monsieur," he protested. "The *Loire*, for example."

Brereton stared at him in amazement.

"Good God!" he thought. "Is there no limit to the fellow's impudence?" Put a ship at his disposal—a French ship? Expect British soldiers to set foot on a French ship, after what had happened? The man was crazy.

"I'm sorry," he said, gruffly. "That's useless. I shall leave only on a British ship. While we are waiting, I very much regret that I must ask you to instal yourself on territory that is indisputably French—on the Cape Verde peninsula, at Dakar."

Schmaltz was horrified. But Brereton was firm. Until he had orders from his superiors, he could not hand over the Colony; and since St. Louis was not about to accommodate such a large number of foreign officials it would be necessary for M. Schmaltz to remove his administrative establishment on to French soil. M. Schmaltz did so, with as little haste as possible.

He evacuated de Chaumareys and the earliest arrivals at the port on July 14, using for this purpose the pink, *Loire*.

Francine did not accompany de Chaumareys any further. She had begun to think. The play, she realised, was almost over, the curtain about to fall—and she had no desire to be eclipsed with the rest. It had occurred to her that M. de Chaumareys was not very popular.

Neither, for that matter, was she. Her position in St. Louis was invidious. On the frigate, it had been altogether different. She was the commander's personal guest. Here, however, her Duroys was a captain without a ship—and she had a shrewd idea that captains who lost their ships heard all about it afterwards.

She considered that she had been very badly treated. She had come away on this voyage in the happy anticipation of a very pleasant cruise and, instead of that, she had been shipwrecked and, since her arrival in St. Louis, treated with scant respect. So she watched de Chaumareys going out on board the *Loire* with no trace of regret and was concerned only with the question of how soon and by what means she was to get back to Rochefort.

She hoped, very fervently, that Dakar would be hotter, damper, more primitive, more uncomfortable and in every way more abominable than this abominable place where she had been dumped. Her hopes, even if she never knew it, were realised to the full.

The British garrison turned out to receive the men who were to occupy their places—the remnants of the African Battalion—on July 23. A pitiful, straggling, haggard, famished, ragged lot they were, trailing wearily up from the shore, these fine soldiers of royalist France. All the same, of the entire number landed by Espiaux from the sloop, apart from the five who had wandered off by themselves, only six were missing. Four of the five reached safety, so that the total loss on that terrible desert journey numbered seven men and one woman.

The British troops, turned out as a guard of honour, were deeply distressed; military ceremonial was abandoned, and they carried the exhausted men up to the hospital and spared no pains to secure them every comfort and attention.

De Parnajon decided, on July 16, that he had done all he could.

He had sighted both caravans, civilian and military, had sent them assistance, and seen them both safe. Contrary winds had made his voyage up the coast not only difficult but hazardous and, in addition he had been becalmed many times, at the mercy of the swift currents and treacherous tide-rips. He was running short of provisions and water, and he was still more than a hundred and twenty miles from the wreck he had been sent to seek. He discussed the matter with Reynaud.

The lieutenant was not sanguine, however anxious he might be to discover the fate of the raft; and eventually de Parnajon gave the order to put about and run before the light wind, southwards.

"There is nothing more we can do," he told Reynaud, with a shrug; and his crew received the news with heartfelt relief. They had had more than enough of this wearisome beating up along the coast.

Next morning, however, the wind shifted and strengthened, heading him, coming out of the south-west. Once more the brig was beating.

It looked as though the weather were conspiring to make her passage as difficult as possible. De Parnajon considered. If he put about again, and ran with this following breeze, he might easily reach the frigate before the wind shifted again; and almost certainly in a few days he would have a favourable wind for the return to St. Louis.

He ordered the brig about once more and, spreading her canvas with squared yards, she ran back over her course and continued northwards for the Arguin Bank.

The raft still drifted. Fifteen men on her lay in a stupor of despair, under a tent which they had erected as a measure of relief from the burning heat of the sun.

Savigny stirred. He had had the idea, for several days now, of making some sort of record of their sufferings, which

(*please turn over*)

* Lieut.-Col. Thomas Brereton (1783-1832), after long service in the West Indies, became Governor of Senegal and Goree in 1814; in 1831, when he commanded the troops quartered near Bristol at the outbreak of the Reform Riots, he was court-martialled for inaction and neglect of civil authority, but committed suicide before the trial could be concluded.

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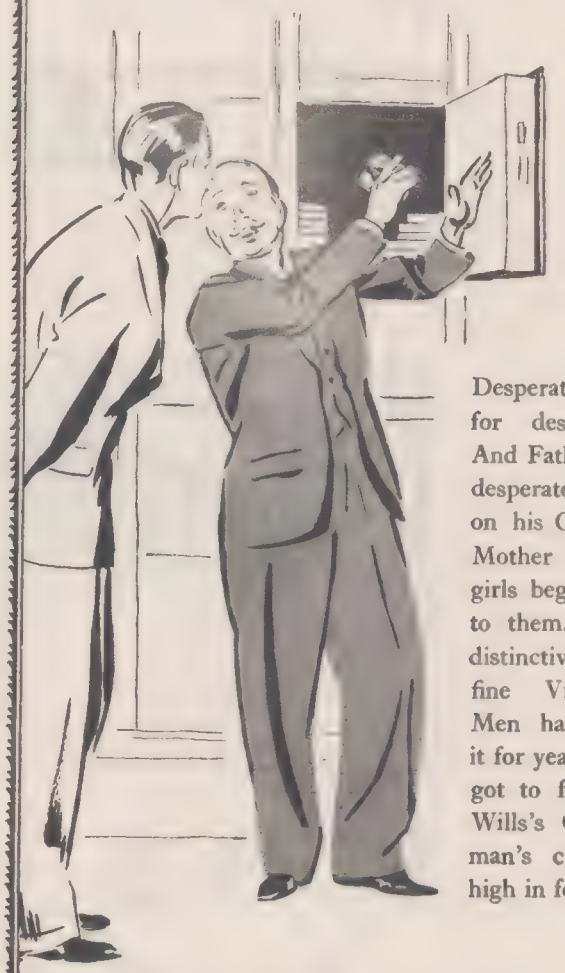

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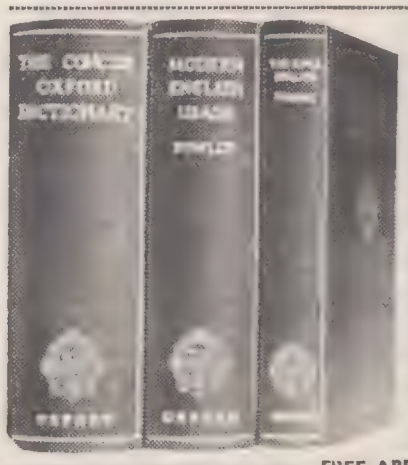

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he could inscribe on a plank with the aid of a knife and nail to the mast; but his strength failed him. The idea remained; he would do this whenever he had sufficient energy; only, for the moment, he was too tired. . . .

The sight of the brig, approaching, then turning about and sailing away without observing them, had been the last straw. It had also introduced a new sort of agony to their minds. It had suddenly recalled them to civilisation.

Its passing, reminding them of the existence of a world apart from the raft, of a world in which law and order prevailed, made them suddenly realise what, in those long days of suffering, they had been reduced to. Festooned upon the rigging were strips of flesh drying in the sun—human flesh. Upon that they had subsisted, principally, for longer than they could now reckon. And to give themselves a slightly better chance of survival, they had murdered not one or two, but dozens—this handful of men, to preserve their own lives, had rid the raft of nearly ten times their own number.

Corréard, his conscience perhaps more alive than those of his companions, realised the truth. If they were rescued, would they not be hanged, out of hand, for their pains?

"For pity's sake," he moaned, pressing his hands against the sides of his aching head, "for pity's sake, throw me into the water!"

He had no longer the strength to crawl to the side, to drag himself over into the sea; and no one had the strength, even supposing he had had the will, to obey him.

Towards eight o'clock on the morning of July 17, the gunner Courtade, unable to bear any more, dragged himself out of the tent. The sky was radiant, the sun, and the glare off the sea, struck his eyes so violently that he could scarcely bear the pain of them. But suddenly, blinking and rubbing his eyelids, he let out a shout such as he could never have believed himself capable of, a rasping, hoarse yell:

"Saved! We're saved! The brig—the brig! She's coming!"

About a mile away, the *Argus* appeared, running before the wind straight down upon the raft.

She came up within a short distance, leaving the raft on her starboard hand. Her crew lined the rails, waving their hats, cheering, shouting greetings.

A boat was lowered immediately, with Lieut. Reynaud in charge. He rowed swiftly towards the raft, where one could see a handful of pitiable figures dragging themselves out from beneath the tent, trying to stand up, trying to wave back.

"Careful," Reynaud warned, as the boat ran alongside. "Careful, men. Get them down one by one—gently does it."

The poor wretches were lifted down into the boat, and brought to the brig, carried up on deck. It was with the greatest difficulty that Reynaud could recognise them, for they were mere skeletons, with eyes burning feverishly in their deep sockets, and clawlike hands that clung weakly to the men who supported them.

De Parnajon, deeply moved, received them.

"I would a thousand times rather have saved you from the raft, gentlemen," he cried, "than been promoted frigate-captain."

Coudin, enfeebled and still in agony, tried to speak.

"Gentlemen . . . have you been . . . searching for us—for a long time?"

"Yes, yes—a long time," he was assured. Quite two days, one might have added, if one had wished to be exact. . . .

Fifteen men. It was as well that de Chaumareys had left, transferring himself to the *Loire*, before they came ashore at St. Louis. Fifteen men—a tenth of the raft's complement. Men reduced by famine and thirst, by exposure and suffering, to mere skin and bone, lacking all semblance of living humanity. Men whose eyes burned in their heads with a fixed stare, men who saw, waking or sleeping, those others who had died, those others whose bodies had been cut up and eaten. . . .

Of those fifteen, four were army officers, one the midshipman placed in charge, one the naval surgeon, Savigny, and three others, civilians; the centre party of the raft had not lost a single one of its principals. The most rabid anti-republican could not but have congratulated himself on this signal proof of the superiority of the upper classes.

De Parnajon had decided immediately that there could be no longer any thought of reaching the *Medusa*. It was essential to get the castaways to hospital without delay. The ship's surgeon did everything possible, feeding them, giving them drink, dressing their wounds and scars and sores. All the same, they did not reach St. Louis without incident.

Most of them were placed in the 'tween-decks, under the galley, and towards six o'clock that first evening, fire broke out, turning the 'tweendecks in a moment into a raging furnace, where it seemed as if the poor wretches had been saved from their agony only to perish miserably now.

It was the last touch needed; madness followed. Lozach tried to walk over the side into the sea, announcing that he had left his portfolio there and must go and get it. Several others had also to be restrained.

It took time to calm the sufferers, to restore them to some approach to normal; but finally, on July 19, at three in the afternoon, the brig dropped anchor and sent word to the governor of the result of its expedition. Next day, at six in the evening, the fifteen were disembarked and taken to hospital, where the British officers and surgeons worked unsparingly to save their lives and their reason, and to make up to them, in some measure, for their sufferings.

The brig *Argus* and a three-master belonging to Messrs. Potin and Durecu, the merchants whose schooners were placed at M. Schmaitz's disposal for salvaging the frigate, took off the remainder of the French detachment who were found fit for service from St. Louis on July 26, and transferred them to Dakar, where a camp was established.

The force consisted of the third company, eighty non-commissioned officers and men and three commissioned officers, brought over by the *Loire*, and the remnants of the first and second companies, a total of fifty, with five officers and an adjutant—all who had escaped from the wreck of the *Medusa*.

The civilians, including Francine, were taken on board the *Echo*, which later proceeded home to France.

The camp suffered terribly at Dakar. Malaria, yellow fever, blackwater fever broke out and ravaged it. De Chaumareys and Schmaltz escaped, but nearly four-fifths of the men went down, and but a sorry handful remained to return, in due course, to St. Louis.

De Chaumareys and Schmaltz understood one another.

"Now that you no longer have a ship, sir," the governor had said, "it appears to me that your services can be most usefully employed at the camp."

De Chaumareys had agreed. He had, as yet, no apprehension; but he had also no official position, and it would be as well to regulate the matter as soon as possible. Schmaltz obligingly appointed him his second-in-command, to take charge of the establishment at Dakar, It apparently did not occur to de Chaumareys that he was still technically in command of the squadron, that he could have established himself on either the *Loire* or the *Echo*, and that the loss of the *Medusa* did not relieve him of the responsibility for the safety of the squadron until it should reach France again.

When word came that an inquiry was to be opened, and that proceedings were to be taken against de Chaumareys—a course that seemed to these two gentlemen a piece of flagrant treachery on the part of the Ministry of Marine, which, after all, consisted of *revenants* like themselves, whose duty it was to stand by one another—Schmaltz went even farther than he had already done. He furnished de Chaumareys with an excellent testimonial:—

"In choosing you to replace M. de Foncin (at Dakar)," he wrote, "I have been thoroughly persuaded that I may count on you as upon myself to assure by your labours the protection of the king's subjects."

M. Schmaltz was, perhaps, perfectly justified in this astonishing statement; he had shown how far he could count upon himself. The pity was that others had also counted upon him and upon de Chaumareys.

Lieut. Reynaud had been selected to take charge of a fresh expedition to the wreck. For this purpose, the schooners

Colomba and *Suzanna* were put at his disposal and he was ordered to spare no effort to retrieve the gold and provisions still remaining on board. No further mention was made of the seventeen men who had been left on the frigate.

The schooners' crews consisted of some of the *Medusa's* sailors and a number of native divers. Contrary winds defeated them continually, and Reynaud was compelled to write, after a struggle lasting eight days:

"I have the honour to report to you that my preparations and my voyage to the frigate have had little success. . . . The winds did not permit me to go beyond Port-en-Dic, the point at which I was compelled by bad weather and the condition of my sails to decide to return here in order to secure the safety of my crew.

"I am to-day, then, at St. Louis with ten men of the schooner *Colomba*, and the crew of the *Suzanna*, which have just anchored after a voyage of sixteen days without discovering any trace of the *Medusa*. . . ."

He succeeded in preparing another expedition and set out once more; he ran into a terrific storm, and his sails were so badly damaged that he was forced to return again to St. Louis.

At his third attempt, however, after ten days of exhausting battle with the weather, he reached the wreck exactly fifty-two days after she had run aground. She was still more or less intact, lying on her port side, but the *Colomba* dared not venture too near, as the weather was execrable. Reynaud ordered a boat out and himself went to the wreck.

He clambered on board, and began his search.

Suddenly he came upon a creature, filthy, with matted hair and beard, a bundle of skin and bone that fled at his approach. Presently he unearthed two others—all that remained of seventeen men.

They were living in different parts of the ship, crazed, savage, bestial: one beside the foremast, another amidships, the third aft. Daily they had prowled about in search of something to eat, something to drink, with knives in their hands, ready at any moment to spring upon each other, living like wild beasts in mutual terror and hatred, famished, desperate, no longer human.

They were Nicolas Lescouet, of Carhaix, a man of fifty-three, who had been fifth sailing officer on board; Alexis-Xavier Dateste, of Marseilles, aged forty-nine; and the second master-gunner, Elie Coutant, forty-six. When they had recovered sufficiently under Lieut. Reynaud's care, they were able to tell their story.

After twenty days on the wreck, when it seemed that no help was forthcoming, that no rescue was being attempted, a dozen of them, eleven soldiers and a cadet, determined to try to reach the shore. They constructed a raft and, provisioned with some biscuit and two demijohns of wine, set off for the African coast.

They were never heard of again. The wreckage of their raft was washed up, about forty miles north of St. Louis.

Of the remaining five, one, suddenly overcome with despair and furious that he had lacked the courage to join the twelve, laid hold of a flag-chest and hurled himself into the water.

He was drowned within sight of the frigate.

One of the four who were left, a workman from the Rochefort arsenal, disappeared in the days that followed. The three said, simply, that he had died.

After seven or eight days, they reported, the frigate began to be swept by every sea and existence on board was a constant struggle for life. Then the drinking water gave out altogether, and they had suffered greatly from this deprivation. That was all. What else was there to say? They had been fifty-two days on board.

Reynaud transferred them to the schooner and then began a search of the frigate. By dint of much labour and ingenuity, he managed to rescue from the 'tweendecks forty barrels of flour, twenty quarters of salt meat, a case of oil, and various sails and ship chandlery. He could do no more. His boat was severely damaged in making the many passages between the schooner and the wreck and hourly the sea became worse. Eventually, he was compelled to lift anchor and escape as best he could from the Bank—and twice he struck bottom before he won clear. He had remained by the wreck fully as long as he dared. The ninety thousand francs were left behind. M. Schmaltz would have to make the best of his disappointment.

Reynaud set off on his return to St. Louis, not before time; and meantime, one day at St. Louis, a strange figure was seen, staggering out of a canoe that had brought him across the River—an old man, in rags, his skin burned black, his body a mass of sores, his eyes fixed upon the ground ahead of him in a blind stare. At each step he swayed, he almost fell; but he carried, clutched close to his breast, a filthy bundle wrapped in a ragged shirt.

It was Corporal Guérin. He had wandered long in the desert, passing from tribe to tribe.

He was taken to hospital, tended with every care and solicitude; but, ten days later, worn out with dysentery and fever and despair, he died.

Correard, recovered to some extent from

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his sufferings on the raft and owing his life largely to the unstinting attentions of several British officers, paid a duty call upon the governor's wife and daughters, at M. Durecu's. Naturally, they spoke of the wreck, of their belongings that were still on board, of those famous ninety thousand francs.

"It's to be hoped," said madame, "that one of these days they'll manage to bring it all back!"

"But there is something there much more valuable than that," cried Corréard. "There are the seventeen wretches we left on board!"

Madame raised her eyebrows.

"Bah! Seventeen? There can't be more than three of them left by now."

"Even if there were only three, even only one," Corréard retorted sharply, "his life is worth more, it seems to me, than everything we can get off the frigate!"

And he departed thoroughly indignant and disgusted. He remembered how the Misses Schmaltz had treated M. Picard's daughter when she had begged their help in getting off the wreck; he may have remembered, too, that apart from the part he had played during the first mutiny on the raft, he had had no hand in taking any life and was justified in his attitude. It may have been some satisfaction to him that the governor's ladies were doomed to disappointment over their ninety thousand francs.

The hospital had been crammed far beyond capacity, and its resources strained to the uttermost. Corréard owed his recovery, as he himself declared, entirely to the devotion and generosity of those British officers; he was out of love, now, with his countrymen and shared, with Savigny, a bitter resentment at all that had happened.

Of his companions in misfortune, six succumbed shortly after reaching safety—sub-lieutenants Clairet and Lozach, sergeant-major Charlot, master gunner Courtade, master carpenter Lavillette and, strangely enough, the black soldier, Jean-Charles. Savigny, who probably had the best physique of any of them, was able to return to France in September.

He and Corréard had made good use of their period of recuperation to write a report of their experiences—an extremely valuable historical document, but one that they would have been well advised in their own interests to destroy unread. Savigny made haste to lodge it with the Ministry of Marine on arrival, on September 11; the following day he was astounded to read a considerable portion of it in the *Journal des Debats*.

What had happened was this. During the voyage home on the *Echo*, Savigny had been persuaded by de Venancourt to hand over a copy of the report to him. De Venancourt had a friend in the Ministry of Marine, M. Forestier, a councillor of state and director of one department of the Marine, who entertained the hope of stepping into the shoes of Francois Joseph de Gratet, vicomte du Bouchage, then Minister. In fact, M. Forestier had been promised by his friend M. Décazes that the appointment would be his if means could be found to oust du Bouchage.

De Venancourt, knowing nothing of this, dispatched his copy of Savigny's report to M. Forestier, thinking that thereby he was performing a duty to the Ministry. Unwittingly, he had placed in the hands of Forestier and Décazes the means needed for breaking du Bouchage. M. Décazes promptly arranged for a carefully edited selection from the report to be published at once in the *Journal des Debats*.

The storm that followed, not only in France, but all over Europe, was so violent that in the result, du Bouchage was forced to resign, and the Admiralty compelled to proceed against de Chaumareys. And the very first victim of this political intrigue was Savigny himself.

He tried, in vain, to have himself seconded to another ship; he was summoned to the Ministry and severely reprimanded, being left with no recourse but to resign his commission and give up all hope of continuing in the service. Even the fall of du Bouchage did not help him to rehabilitate himself.

In spite of the reassurance of M. Schmaltz, de Chaumareys received, in due course, an order for his recall, and he sailed for France in the *Loire*, which carried also the officers and cadets of the frigate, for whom no arrangements had been made. They had sent a touching appeal to M. Gisquel-Destouches, begging to be repatriated:

"In return for sleeping quarters and food, we will do whatever you wish of us. No matter what our situation may be on your ship, we shall regard ourselves as highly favoured, since it takes us back to our own country and our dear families. We and they will always look upon you as our liberator, and our gratitude will be without bounds."

It was signed by Claret, *agent-comptable*; Chaudière, *enseigne*; Bellot, *aspirant*; Follet, *chirugien-chef*; Rang, *aspirant*; and Lapeyrère, *enseigne*.

It was yet another striking testimonial to the inefficiency and incompetence of their commanding officer, M. Duroys de Chaumareys, frigate captain and aristocrat, who had gone off to be second-in-command in Dakar without giving his officers a thought.

M. de Chaumareys presented himself, in due course, before the court of inquiry. He was quite confident. He had complete faith in his fellow *revenants*; he defended himself with a certain hauteur and a good deal of ingenuity; and, by majority votes only, he was found guilty of gross dereliction of duty, condemned to be dismissed the service, to be deprived of all his decorations and to serve a sentence of three years in a military prison.

He was utterly astounded. This affliction was beyond comprehension. Had the world gone mad? Was he merely being sacrificed to expediency by these treacherous friends, who bowed before the storm of public opinion, forgot their duty to one of his rank and devotion, and saved their own miserable hides at the expense of his? All the same, he underwent his period of imprisonment with a very good grace, came out at the end of it without displaying the slightest trace of suffering, and lived to a ripe and happy old age.

Corréard was not so fortunate. Perhaps his share in the famous report was not forgotten. At any rate, he arrived with the others on November 26 off the Island of Aix, on board the *Loire*, and when he was discharged from the military hospital at Rochefort, he set out on foot for Paris. He made every possible effort. He appealed to everyone he could think of; but naturally no one wished to be mixed up with a survivor of the *Medusa's* raft, perpetual reminder of the blackest episode in the whole history of the French Marine, an episode that had brought the country into the most shameful disgrace and contumely, as well as making her navy the laughing stock of a shocked and disgusted continent.

Finally, in utter despair of help from any quarter, Corréard opened a bookshop in July, 1818, and displaying his lack of understanding of his fellow men by calling it *Au Naufrage de la Méduse*—"At the Sign of the Wreck of the *Medusa*."

The venture had the fate it deserved; two years later, swamped by debts, the unhappy geographer was condemned to fifteen months' imprisonment and a fine of 3,000 francs. . . .

The seven others had little better luck; some found work in the colonies, where they were tucked away out of sight and could not offend the eyes or the consciences of their countrymen; two only of the survivors from the seventeen left on the wreck reached France; the third was murdered in St. Louis.

The officers used what influence they possessed and after much heart-breaking delay, most of them were seconded to other ships in the service.

Meantime, the wreck of the frigate *Medusa* was subjected to a methodical pillaging by anyone who happened to come along, until her bare bones were left to rot on the Arguin Bank, stripped of everything that any human being might conceivably make use of.

January 25, 1817. On the great parade ground of Fort St. Louis, two detachments were drawn up; on one side the British, under the command of the governor, Brereton—well found, efficient, smart, soldierlike; on the other, Colonel Schmaltz and his African Battalion.

Of that battalion there remained two captains, two lieutenants, an adjutant, a sergeant-major, a fourrier, nine corporals and sixty-eight fusiliers. But the troops that turned out on parade that day were very far short of strength.

Side by side, the British flag and the white flag of the Bourbons floated over the fort. Facing each other, the forces of the two countries saluted these flags, with a salute of twenty-one guns. Then the British flag slowly descended, and left the flag of Bourbon France proudly dominating the estuary of the Senegal River, the key to the Colony; and Colonel Schmaltz came into his own at last—with a guard of honour of eighteen men.

All the rest of his troops were in hospital . . : or dead.

THE END

THE SIGN OF THE BRASS KNUCKLE

Continued from page 8

"Ah, swith!" he murmured in amazement. "Yon's a gilded palace, if I e'er saw one—aye, a palace o' sin, for I mustna be deceived by its looks! Weel, there's the place, lads!" he proclaimed. "If ye'll just stick close to me, noo, I'll ask this fellow to announce me to my partner. Ho, lackey!" he addressed the functionary. "Is Mussis Dillon in the club yet?"

The other eyed him without enthusiasm. "Wot's it to yer?" he demanded. "Buss orff from under this hawning, orl three of yer!"

"Ye're fired for insolence!" Mr. Glencannon told him, briefly. "Go inside, take off yere unifoorm and get yere pay from the purser!"

"Eh?" the doorman snorted. "Fired, am I? Well, now, just 'oo in 'ell do yer think yer are, mister? Fer two ruddy pennies, I'd . . ."

"Claude, I'll thonk ye please to attend to this," said Mr. Glencannon; and then when Claude had done so, "There! Noo let's just drog him into the vestibule so's he willna clutter up the sidewalk, and mak' oursel's known. Here, you!" he summoned a waiter. "Tak' my compliments to Mussis Dillon and teel her Muster Colin Glencannon, Esquire, wud lik' to see her here in the lobby withoot delay."

"Missus—Missus 'Oo, sir?" and as he took stock of the visitors the waiter's teeth clattered. "Why, there isn't no Missus Dillon 'ere, sir! If you'll just step outside a minute, I'll . . ."

Shouldering past him and bowling over several dress-suited individuals who sought to bar their way, the trio strode between red plush portieres into a room of dim lights, many tables, snowy shirt fronts and gleaming shoulders. At the far side of the dance floor, an orchestra of Argentine *gauchos* from the pampas of Whitechapel was just oozing into a tango.

"Weel, weel, weel—guid evening, everybody!" shouted Mr. Glencannon, clapping his hands lustily and skidding across the dance floor with his bodyguard at his heels. "Weel, here we are again, friends, here we are again! Is everybody hoppy, is everybody gay? Ah, that's fine! That's woonerful! That's marvellous! And noo, friends, as lang as Mussis Dillon hasna showed up yet, I'm taking the liberty o' onimating the proceedings with a new and vurra novel novelty which I have retained at ruinous expense!" He dragged the band leader from the platform and stepped into his place. "Ladies and gentlemen!" he announced. "I have great pleasure in presenting to ye that famous team o' society entertainers, Glencannon's Merry Collegians—Oxford Paddy Hogan and Cambridge Neeger Claude! Give, Hogan, give!"

Hogan swigged from a flask, scratched a match on his teeth and gushed flames like a volcano. "Marvellous! Marvellous!" shouted Mr. Glencannon, applauding wildly. "Come on, people, give the lad a hond! Oh, dinna ye worrit aboot yon ceiling draperies—they're only imitation silk and the fire will burn itsel' oot in no time! Noo, friends, I'll just ask Claude, here, to . . . Ah, Mussus Dillon, I presume? Weel, weel, dear moddum, I'm charmed, indeed, to mak' yere acquaintance!" He bowed gallantly and touched the back of her jewelled hand with a moustache like a shoe brush. "Ye see, I . . . But, foosh—what's this?" Glancing around him in dismay, he saw that the place was full of policemen! It was a raid!

With rare presence of mind, "Ho, constables!" he shouted. "I demand that this disorderly joint be arrested as a disorderly joint! They sell intoxicating beeverages here, sergeant, and if ye dinna believe me, ye've only to smell my breath. And as for you, moddum—why, ye shameless auld harpy, I'll ne'er relent in my crusade against sinks o' this sort until the last o' them has been raided, podlocked and banished from the British Isles!"

"Shall we take him in charge, Lady Birkitt?" asked the police sergeant. "I can't make out whether he's drunk, crazy, or both."

"Noo, wait a minute!" protested Mr. Glencannon. "There's something crooked going on here! Moddum, are ye no Mussis Dillon and is this no' Dillon's Bross Knuckle Café?"

Lady Birkitt favoured him with an icy stare and turned to address her guests. "For some reason, our charming visitors seem to have confused our little club with a rowdy sailors' boozing den which a ruffian named Dillon used to conduct next door. I had trouble with him for months, and finally asked the police to close him up as a public nuisance. One night about two weeks ago, he rolled in here drunk and swearing vengeance and—well, I suppose this is it!"

"Oh, yus? Well, we'll see about that, yer ladyship!" the sergeant rumbled ominously. "There's nothing we'd rather do than handle beauties like these three! Hup! Take 'em in charge, men!"

As the constables were frog-marching them down Bexhill Street, "Oh, bless me soul, sorrh!" exclaimed Hogan, suddenly. "Whoy didn't I remember i before?"

"Remember what?" snapped Mr. Glencannon. "D'ye mean ye knew that Horace Dumbell Dillon was making me the tool o' his vengeance and swundling me all alang?"

"Dillon? Never heard the name till to-night, sorrh! No, I mean about the name o' that place! Claude, and I should have known by the street address that it wasn't The Brass Knuckle at all!"

Mr. Glencannon scowled at him suspiciously over the burly blue shoulder of his escort. "Not the Bross Knuckle? What do ye mean, ye scut?"

"Whoy!" Hogan lowered his voice. "It's a funny thing, sorrh, but—ye'll remember that noight in Marseels whin Claude and I—er—managed to git hold of the money to pay for yer dinner and all them drinks with? Well, in the wallet we found a strip of paper, like, torn off a bill-of-fare. There was a lot of writing on it we didn't bother to read, but I do remember seeing 'At the Sign Of The Brass Knocker—32 Bexhill Street, London.' 'Knocker,' it was—not 'Knuckle.' He must have been the very bloke ye got yer share of the café from—and to-night ye must have took us to the wrong place, don'tcher see? If I'd only thought of it sooner, sorrh, we . . ."

"Hup! Whoa! Grab him!" barked the sergeant. "Steady, you Scotch walrus—come along peaceful!" He snapped the handcuffs on Mr. Glencannon's wrists. "If yer want to fight with yer little playmates, yer've got orl night ahead of yer in the same cell to do it!"

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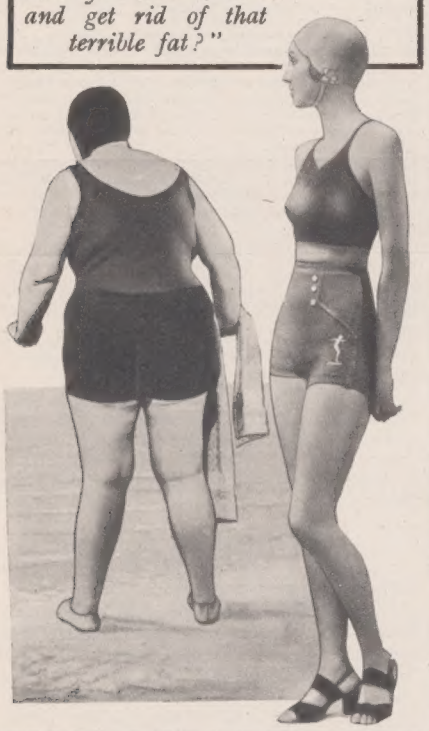

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No matter how fat YOU are, start taking "SILF" to-day! Without Drastic Dieting, Dangerous Drugging, Weakening Purging or Body-Straining Exercises, it brings about an amazing transformation in the whole figure. SAFELY and with ACTUAL BENEFIT to HEALTH, those excessive pounds or STONES disappear. **From Hips, Limbs, Ankles, Waist, Hands, Face, Chin and Bust the surplus fat, and ONLY the Surplus Fat, is naturally taken away.** And as the slim, trim figure lines of Youth return, so do all the disabilities and distresses of fatness vanish. Energy returns, Heart, Lungs, and Internal Organs once more perform their duties faithfully. That oily look disappears from the skin, Digestive Disorders go, and weakened Nerves become strong.

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Silf Brand Obesity Tablets are obtainable from all Chemists at 1/3, 3/- and 5/- Per Box (you save money by purchasing the larger sizes) or, post free, on receipt of price from :

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TO MEN AND WOMEN OVER 40

ARTERIO-SCLEROSIS
PHLEBITIS, VARICOSE
VEINS and ULCERS, HEART TROUBLES, SWOLLEN LEGS, STINGING PAINS, LUMBAGO
RHEUMATISM, etc.

If you are over 40 and have any of the above symptoms or troubles, take care! It is a sign that you, like thousands of others, are suffering from

BLOOD PRESSURE

a disorder of the vascular system which is likely to cause you distress to the end of your days, unless you reduce the pressure by medical means.

To-day high Blood Pressure can definitely be rectified. One kind of Medicine only needed.

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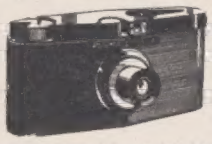

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STOPS ALL RISK OF HEART STRAIN

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POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE gives INSTANT RELIEF in every case—clears the breathing and gives peaceful nights and days, whatever your occupation.

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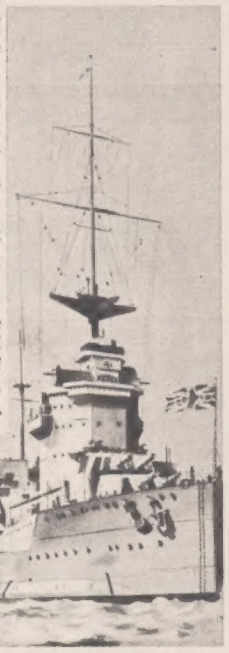

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You want 'Bisurated' Magnesia

NEXT WEEK

PRIMED with the right kind of fluid and grilled in the soothing light of confidence, most authors will admit, eventually, that they have a favourite character, a figure of the imagination that is allowed to follow them through life saying the things that they have so often rolled round the tips of their tongues yet never dared to utter, attempting things that they have so often only dreamed of doing.

Among these happy people there is Florence Kilpatrick, for she created Elizabeth, Mrs. Kilpatrick needs no prompting when it comes to admitting her love of Elizabeth. She has written twenty-five novels, has had three or four plays produced as films. Yet she always returns to Elizabeth when she wants to enjoy writing.

Our object in thus delving is to introduce a series of Elizabethan stories, specially written for the PASSING SHOW, in which the cockney maid, pert and gay, wisecracks her way through an astonishing series of adventures in the East African jungle.

Having accompanied her employers, the pathetic, devoted Warringtons, she is just beginning to find life on an African farm a trifle dull, when she is thrust suddenly into a drama that is packed with exciting incidents and amusing escapades. And Elizabeth needs all her good humour when she is mistaken for a goddess by an African tribe that speaks only American slang and believes in bloody sacrifices.

Next week, you will find her scintillating in the first story of this series, her droll comments and amusing reactions bringing to life the colourful background of East Africa, which is so well known to the author.

As we'd hate you to suffer through a surfeit of laughter, we suggest that before opening the book you sew on all loose buttons and buy a supply of smelling salts. For, in the same issue, there also appears an exhilarating fairy story, by Frank Sullivan, of love and virtue triumphant among the oysters. And if you can get through both without your faith in the piquancy of life being restored we'll believe only the worst.

YOU'RE TELLING US!

YOU'RE TELLING US! Half a guinea is paid for each letter or quotation printed on this page. Address; "Readers' Letters," "Passing Show," 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Please state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss

WE are frequently troubled by the calmness with which strong men accept the inevitable. It is not that we want them to scream or fight, or even dance a fandango to the shrieking buzz-saw of fate, but they might at least make one final, blasting protest to the gods before succumbing to the damp hand of melancholy.

It would not be so bad if they would but go as far as Mr. Headley, a stout-hearted man of the Midlands who, under this pseudonym, makes a last, undying protest about just one of the iniquities that keep us from slumbering too soundly on the griddle of civilisation.

"Because I am a magistrate's clerk in a large city, many of my friends ask me whether they should appear in court when summoned for speeding," he says. "At first, I advised them to attend, later I advised them to write to the magistrate, but now I have decided that it doesn't matter what they do.

"The important thing is that the magistrate should have a good breakfast to make him feel contented with life.

"I have come to realise—and about eighty speeding cases pass through my hands each day—that the circumstances of the case have much less bearing on the amount of the fine than the humour of the men on the bench. In fact, the whole system of dealing with speeding cases is a complete farce from beginning to end.

"The other day, we had two courts dealing simultaneously with speeding cases and, by coincidence, two cases came in dealing with speeding offences on the same stretch of road. In one court, one man was fined ten shillings for travelling at thirty-seven miles an hour for four-tenths of a mile at 5.45 p.m., while in the other court, the other man was fined thirty shillings for travelling at 39 miles an hour for three-tenths of a mile at 6.25 p.m.

"Is there any rhyme or reason for such dissimilar circumstances. . . . Something must be done to stop such scandals bringing the law into complete disrespect—a state of affairs very favourable to either dictatorship or anarchy."

Thus, having filed his protest in the courts of time, Mr. Headley, who is just as bitter by any other name, relapses into the great stillness broken only by the ominous rumblings of the dynasties of the world, leaving us to listen to all the other injustices with which life seems to be so full at present.

There is, for instance, Mrs. H. I. W., whose actual name and address must also remain unknown, restoring our faith in the belief that music-hall jokes are founded, in the beginning, on fact by saying:

"I have come into possession of correspondence from you to my husband. Judging by it, I should imagine that he wants to become a pugilist. I have been suspecting something of the kind for some time now, for he is continually referring to the size of his biceps, whatever part of the human frame that might be.

"You might as well know now, before you persuade him to go any further, that I am the boss in my own home and that I intend to stay so. Meanwhile, please forward information as to how a woman's biceps can be developed."

This letter, coming to us by courtesy of a bewildered giant who has moved the world of physical culture without learning how to tackle a woman who thinks in italics and writes in capitals, went a little way to helping us bear up under the general conspiracy to exploit human suffering, and we even came near to laughing when it was followed by the still, small voice of the husband, saying,

"I received your last correspondence after, I am afraid, it was censored by my wife. I am a frail, little man, you might even say that I'm hen-pecked, and I am beginning to realise only now that as a man's home is his kingdom he should be king of it. Therefore, it is my ambition to be a samson so that I may crown my wife with a six-inch spanner and make her into the queen of the place. If you only knew how often I long to give her a clatter in the dial you would try to do something for me. Despite the fact that she has now discovered my intentions I want to go on with the course and I would like to receive my instructions secretly."

Far be it from us to try to interfere in what seems to be the sort of domestic crisis that has been turning the rib-rocking buffoonery of life into music-hall turns ever since women began to use more face powder than baking powder, in their efforts to lure men down the aisle.

Meanwhile, Frank Gerald's piece about the first Australian cricket teams to come over here to practise bowling has caused Mr. Michael Memory, of Chelmsford, Essex, to tell us an anecdote of the Boer War.

Worried by the latest dispatches, Old Kruger sent for General Joubert and said:

"Dey tell me the Inglise have no more men to send to fight us so dey are sendin' some men dey call Australians—vot do you know about dem?"

Joubert shook his head sadly.

"I can't say I know much about them, myself," said he, "but I am told, on good authority, that eleven of them beat All England. They must be a pretty hot lot."

"May the Lord save us," cried Oom Paul, "for dey are sendin' eleven 'undred of 'em 'ere . . . !" The wicket old man.

For Your Amusement

CLUES ACROSS

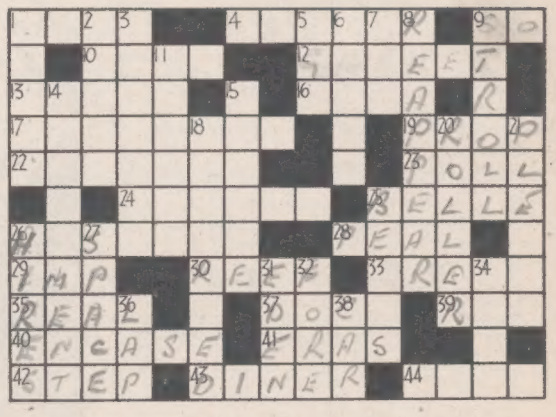
1. College court.
4. Half such a meal might be small drink.
9. In like manner.
10. Not fully though no doubt truly rural.
12. Rag net for valuable metal.
13. Enthusiastic.
16. Latvian seaport.
17. A farm or home probably in Scotland.
19. Take half a porpoise and turn it into a support.
22. Torture or anguish.
23. Register of people.
24. Bury.
25. Reigning beauty.
26. Encourage.
28. Leap of bells.
29. Mischievous sprite.
30. Line of rock.
33. Extents in two dimensions.
35. Existence beyond doubt.
37. For egress or ingress.
39. Repent.
40. Enclose.
41. Time measures but not very definite.
42. A small distance.
43. One who takes a meal.
44. May be measure or round.

CLUES DOWN

1. Search.
2. Boring Tool.
3. A Visionary.
5. Half a reprieve for equality.
6. Glass ones used for refraction.
7. Beggars cannot be choosers but they would like this fresh (hidden).
8. Come into view again.
9. Leisurely walk.
11. Passionate or zealous.
14. Reparation.
15. Recite in singing voice.
18. Placed under restriction.
20. A cylinder.
21. Solace in polite word.
25. Wild beasts.
26. Takes temporary ownership.
27. There's a step here.
31. Need for famous garden.
32. In front.
34. A subtle emanation.
36. Pal for a round.
38. Means of motion.

DESPAIR PRECEPT
ATTUNE CRASH L
SHIRT PLENTIFUL
HERE BOOSTED GO
R TRATE E I G
RELIC NIMROD
CHERISH T WS
A BRAT PALISADE
BROADLY BANE IN
URN E ELITE ED
MENDED ERODES

Solution to last week's puzzle



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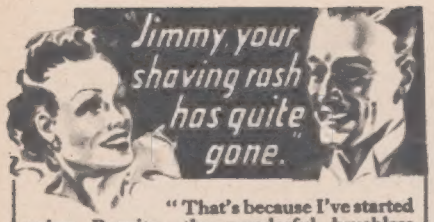
P.S. GOLDEN CIRCLE 9-7-38



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The liver should pour two pints of liquid bile into your system every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

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LEG ULCERS and SKIN DISEASES ENDED

WHY DO YOU SUFFER SO LONG?

HUNDREDS of sufferers from Leg Troubles and Skin Diseases are being cured by the National Infirmary at Manchester. The Treatment is available to you. If you suffer from a Bad Leg or Skin Disease or if you have a Relative or Friend who suffers and needs help, theNational Infirmary will send you full particulars of the Tremol System of Treatment.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOU

Do not lose heart even if you have suffered for years. Your trouble is not hopeless because ointments, tablets and plaisters and other so-called remedies have failed, after years of trial, to end your suffering. These things fail because they are not suited to your needs.

It does not matter how long you have suffered, the National Infirmary Treatment cures in long-standing cases and in those of shorter duration. Every symptom and underlying cause of your leg trouble is treated to bring about a speedy cure. Long-standing troubles that have caused years of agony have been cured in a few weeks by the National Infirmary. Just as others have been cured, so can you. Don't despair even if you have suffered half a lifetime. Send in for full particulars of the Treatment at once. You can have them without any obligation.

LEG ULCERS—AND THEIR CURE

Ulcers often start from a knock or a scratch. The hurt, instead of healing, becomes inflamed and painful. Pus forms which poisons skin and connective tissue, which quickly become unhealthy and break down. The wound gets bigger, more inflamed and more painful. Often the pain is like a knife or hot needles in the leg. Sufferers do not know what is best to do; resting does not give any relief—sleep is impossible. Ordinary remedies are useless. Stock ointments are simply a waste of time and money. To cure these painful, inflamed traumatic ulcers, proper individual treatment is a necessity.

With Varicose veins in the leg ulcers frequently break out without any injury at all. A small black speck appears on the skin. It is a small clot of unhealthy blood thrown out by the capillary veins. As the clot comes away, a hole, only the size of a pin-head, is left in the skin. It is not to be ignored as a trifling matter. If neglected that small wound will rapidly become the size of a two-shilling piece or even the size of the hand. These blood clots show unhealthy blood, weak veins, bad circulation, congested tissues, all of which prevent normal healing from taking place. One preparation cannot heal all these different disease conditions. Thorough Treatment to clear the blood, restore the veins, improve the circulation, and disperse the congestion is what you need. Write to the National Infirmary at once, and have the Book without delay.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM PSORIASIS—

You must attack the trouble at once. This stubborn disease quickly becomes rooted in the system. Large disfiguring patches of redness and scales break out and cause great distress. Those white thin scales on the red patches get thicker, encrusted and yellow. Soon the trouble is chronic and you may suffer for years.

A splendid treatment has been evolved for this distressing malady of Psoriasis. This Treatment is giving unbounded satisfaction to hundreds of present and former sufferers. The results are, indeed, most gratifying. Many stubborn cases which have defied all efforts for years have yielded to Tremol Treatment, and a healthy skin has been obtained by the sufferer from its use.

This powerful treatment, specially prescribed for you, clears the scalp of unsightly scale and scurf and pimples; clears the skin of scale and redness. The Psoriasis spots and patches fade away and a new clean healthy skin is obtained. The treatment is easy to use, and is applied in the privacy of your own home. Send for full particulars of this excellent treatment without delay.

VARICOSE VEINS AND PAINFUL LEGS

The dangers from Varicose Veins are Phlebitis, Varicose Ulcers, Thrombosis, Eczema, Rupture of the Vein Walls and Haemorrhage.

Perhaps you have a constant heaviness and aching in your legs. Sometimes actual pain is experienced and the legs feel tired and uncomfortable. These symptoms show that your legs require thorough and proper treatment now. Your leg trouble arises from faulty blood circulation. Under Tremol Treatment the vein walls become toned up and strengthened, the blood circulation is improved, venous congestion passes away and such symptoms of varicosity as dull aching pain, tiredness, heaviness of the legs, varicose swelling are relieved and cured. *Get the free illustrated Book now. Fill in the Coupon to-day, and send it to-day to the National Infirmary, Ct. Clowes Street, Manchester.*

If you suffer you should have advice from the Infirmary at once.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM ECZEMA?

This is the most common disease of the skin. Any part may be affected and the trouble may arise in many ways. Blood impurities, Germ infection, Food poisoning, Over-heated blood, Long-standing Varicose Veins, Mental worry and shock are some of the causes of this distressing skin disease. Drugs—as with chemical workers, Starch—as with bakers, Plants—as with gardeners, irritate sensitive skins and also set an Eczema condition. At the onset the skin becomes red, inflamed, congested, and terribly itchy. Fluid escapes through the pores, dries and forms scales, which then again block up the pores. More fluid accumulates under dead scales, and there is more inflammation and more itchiness. If you suffer you feel you could "tear the skin to pieces" to get relief. But at what a terrible cost. You know you must not scratch, but to have the itchiness and irritation and leave it alone is more than you can bear. You can be rid of this distress. Your relief is here at hand. Send for full particulars of the National Infirmary's Treatment.

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